Week ending May 22 1948

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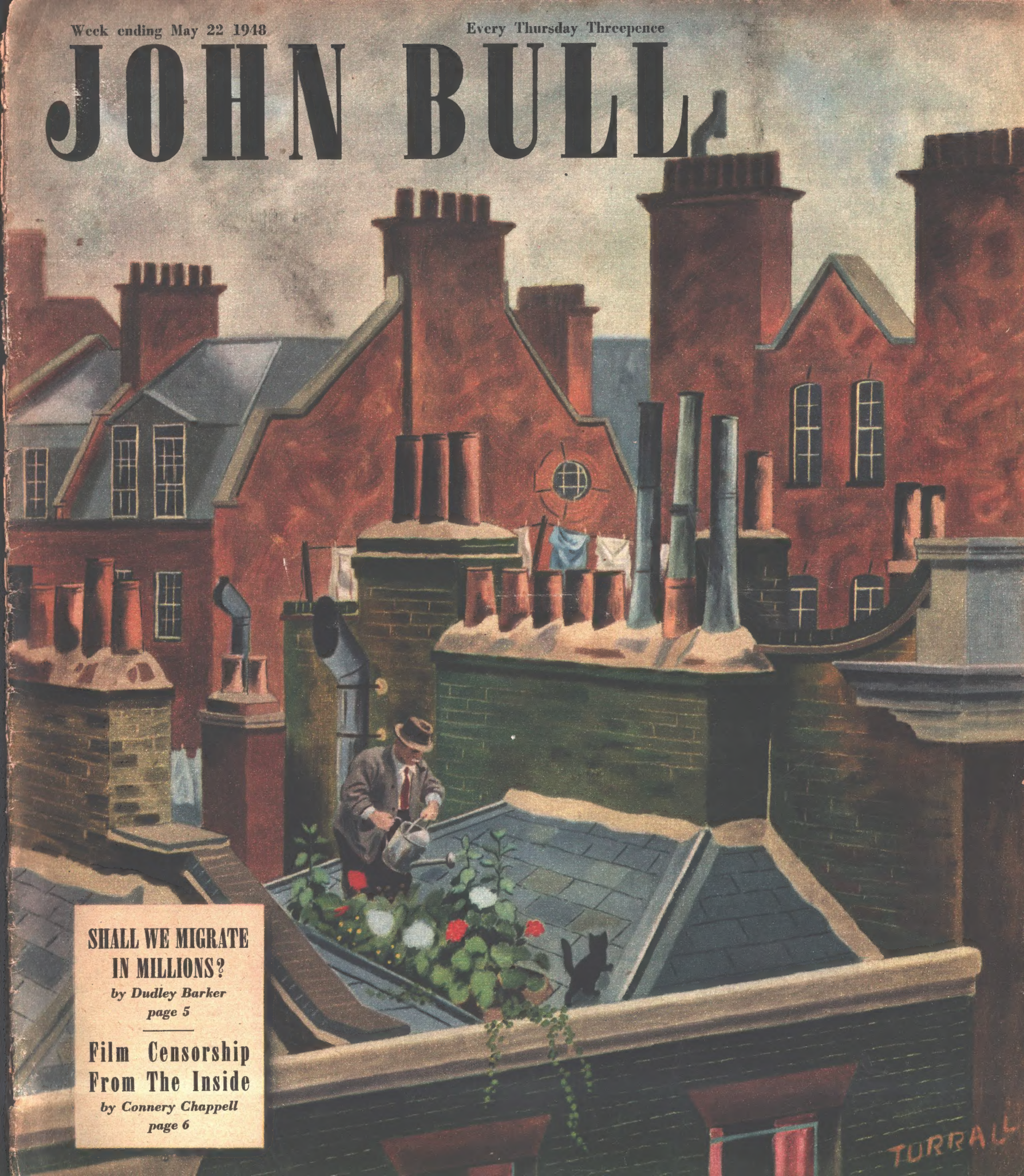

SHALL WE MIGRATE IN MILLIONS?
by Dudley Barker
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Film Censorship From The Inside
by Connery Chappell
page 6

GI01-29

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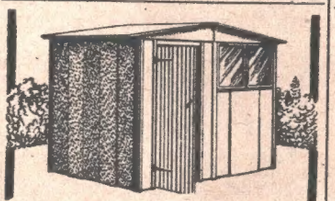

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MAY 22, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2186

Let's Stop Wasting Fish

AS SIR JOHN BOYD ORR has emphasized, serious food shortages cannot be considered at an end and we must not relax our efforts to make the most of our natural resources. In this sense, the fish situation is far from reassuring.

True, there is nearly always some fish in the shops, and often a lot of it. But to make sure of a share of fish worth eating the housewife has to wait in long and wearisome queues. And when she has at last got her bit of fish it is often poor, pale, flabby stuff.

Yet we still read of fish catches at the ports being either thrown back into the sea or carted away to be used as manure.

It is almost wicked when the inland housewife can't get good, fresh fish, while the trawlerman is pulling it out of the sea to be wasted.

Admittedly, fish is a very perishable commodity. It has to be distributed and eaten quickly, and processes such as kippering and smoking don't make a lot of difference. However, since fish is one basic food we need not buy from abroad, and since we look like staying short of other basic foods for a long time yet, surely we ought to waste less fish and to eat more of it.

Are there no new ways of preserving fish? Cannot it be made tastier? Cannot our marketing and distribution system be speeded up? Should there not be a national campaign to increase the popularity and extend the use of fish in our diet?

All these questions deserve answers from Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, and from John Strachey, Food Minister.

Let's have less unpalatable snoek from South Africa and more fresh fish from our own seas!

Hint to The Chancellor

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has shown signs that he is ready to indulge in some give and take in modifying his original Budget plans. This is as it should be. M.P.s have been alert to point out weaknesses, suggest improvements.

To the various suggestions about income tax reliefs, JOHN BULL adds a hint to the Chancellor to consider three anomalies, affecting particular sections of the community, which obviously need his attention:

First, there is no special income tax relief for physically injured or disabled taxpayers who have to meet unavoidable expense in the way of artificial limbs, mechanical chairs and other special medical equipment. Attempts have been made before to get special allowances for these essentials, but always the Treasury has refused to listen. There is room here for a more enlightened and humanitarian attitude.

Secondly, there is a muddle about living-in and living-out expenses for nurses, domestic and hotel workers, Women's Land Army and agricultural workers. They are among the many hit by the anomaly that if they live in at the employer's expense they do not pay income tax on the value of their keep, but if they live out and get extra pay to cover the cost, every penny is added to their wages and is liable to tax. This puts a premium on living in and should be straightened out to avoid hardship in individual cases.

Thirdly, if a daughter of a family stays at home to look after sick or aged parents, the other sisters and brothers get no allowance for her as a housekeeper. On the other hand, widows or widowers can get the housekeeper allowance. In some homes the loss of one wage packet is a big item.

Think again about these anomalies, Sir Stafford. Putting them right will help the production drive.

Those Personal "Imports"

THE TOURIST SEASON is already under way, and in the next few months hundreds of thousands of people will be going abroad to the European countries now open to them. It seems a pity that, because of rigid Customs regulations, they should be compelled to return almost literally empty-handed.

We feel that the heavy Customs and Excise duties on limited and purely personal "imports" of little luxuries brought back by travellers from holidays abroad should be modified.

It would not cost much. It would help holidaymakers taking overseas trips to make life a little pleasanter for themselves and their stay-at-home friends.

They cannot spend more than £35 each, and even within that amount they are subject to various restrictions. Surely if, by care and economy, a holidaymaker manages to set aside enough of his money ration to bring back a few pairs of silk stockings or other dutiable goods, he should be allowed to do so without having the price made prohibitive by high duties?

Surely, too, a kindlier Customs toll would cut out much of the petty smuggling which wastes the time of officials and causes disrespect for the law?

Customs evasion is now widespread. Such tricks as posting a single nylon stocking in an airmail envelope are the outcome, not so much of a desire to save money on duty, as of human resentment at having to pay.

Perhaps all that is needed is an increase in the allowances of duty-free personal purchases already made to returning travellers.

Ready for July 5

THE LAUNCHING OF THE National Health Service on July 5 with full support from the doctors seems now to be assured. We hope that it will never again be necessary for JOHN BULL sadly to point out the way of sanity to angry disputants in a wrangle between the Health Ministry and the British Medical Association.

Clearly, the result of the last plebiscite of doctors did not justify the B.M.A. chiefs in continuing their opposition. Therefore the moderate and farseeing element in the B.M.A. was able to overrule the diehards.

Our congratulations go, not to the stubborn people at B.M.A. headquarters, but to the thousands of doctors all over the country who, when it came to the vital point, scrapped their prejudices and acted in a public-spirited way.

We especially congratulate those general practitioners who voted to join the Service although they still disapproved of the terms. Their reasonable attitude will restore the people's full faith in a profession which, up to a fortnight ago, had seemed more concerned with politics than with healing.

We have no doubt, now, that the remaining difficulties will be ironed out by collaboration and by give and take on both sides.

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57

The delicious flavour and nourishing goodness of Heinz Salad Cream turn a salad into a main meal.

The Lion and the Ape

Empire Day! An hour to toast our Commonwealth anew!

And to those who say the sun has set, let them remember the fable of Noah's meeting with the Evil One. Satan showed a man is a lion in moderation and an ape in excess.

So when we drink to all for which the British Lion is symbol, we shall laugh at the spite of the Ape and take fresh heart for the future.

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this Nylon

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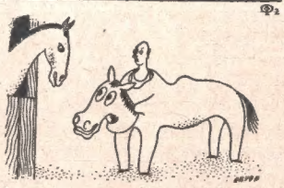

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Don't let your dog suffer needless distress, just because he can't tell you about it. Give him the help he needs when he's out of sorts, for a dog in poor condition is an unhappy dog. One Bob Martin's once a day will help to purify his blood; to keep him healthy and contented. Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets cost 8d. a packet; 1/8d. a large carton. Buy a packet today.

and free from Springtime ailments

The vision of a truly British town rising out of Australia's plains (as pictured above in John Pimlott's painting) would face the emigrant under this Plan for Mass Migration. For a man would go to the dominions *plus* his friends, his job, even his local pub and church. . . . Here's how it could be made to work

Shall We Migrate in Millions?

by Dudley Barker

WHEN WE BRITISH PEOPLE realize that there are twenty million too many of us on these small British Islands, and scores of millions too few in the vast overseas Dominion countries, we shall again be the richest and most powerful group of nations in the world.

The prosperity and safety of you and your wife, and especially of your children, may depend on mass migration, during the next decade or two, from Britain to the Dominions.

Events since the war are gradually teaching us that Britain is too crowded. There are now nearly fifty million people on these small and vulnerable islands—more than there have ever been before. But the Dominions are vast territories, stocked with tremendous natural wealth, capable of becoming the homes of great industrial nations. All they lack is people to develop their riches.

The riches are there all right. There is enough chrome in Southern Rhodesia—one mineral alone, in one British country alone—completely to close our "dollar gap." But before that wealth can be used many thousands of people must go out to develop Southern Rhodesia, to build new railways and other communications, to build it a port in South-West Africa, to industrialize the place.

There are similar sources of vast wealth, just waiting for people to develop them, in Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa. And all these potentially great countries are crying out for new people—many millions of people.

They want the bulk of them to come from Britain. But if we refuse them they will get their new populations from Continental Europe. For people they must have. And then the essentially British character of the Commonwealth would soon disappear, and we should have lost the best friends we have in the world.

If Britain is to remain a first-class nation, we not only can but *must* spare these millions of people to the Dominions, struggling though Britain is to re-establish itself in the postwar world.

The case for mass migration boils down to this:

Britain is no longer, and never again will be, the workshop of the world. The rest of the world is industrialized or industrializing, too. Even if, by continued austerity and hard work, we manage to make enough goods to pay for our necessary imports, in a year or two's time we shall not be able to sell enough of them overseas.

The only alternative is to cut down our imports of food and raw material. That means widespread hunger and unemployment—unless we reduce the population of Britain to the number that could be fed, in an emergency, from the farms of Britain.

If We Sent Twenty Million Out

If, in fact, we reduce the population of Britain to thirty million persons, and send the twenty million others out to develop the riches and strength of the Dominions, our import-export problem will be solved. We should no longer have to import vast quantities of food in order to live. And if we chose the emigrants carefully—keeping back, in the first instance, the miners, farm workers, men in heavy industries—our industrial production would not fall nearly as rapidly as the population.

There could be an end of rationing. There would be houses for all, without any more building. We should have ample coal for homes, for industry and for export. There would be plenty of electricity for domestic heating and the factories, too. The existing schools would be big enough to cope with all the children. There would even be room for everybody in seaside hotels and boarding houses during the summer holidays.

On the other side of the picture, the twenty millions who emigrated would help to build up the Dominions into important, self-reliant nations. The wealth of the world would be greatly increased.

The obvious objection is that a Britain so reduced

in population would become a second-rate Power, a sort of Spain or Sweden. Not at all, provided the migrants went to strengthen the rest of the Commonwealth. Instead of being one crowded nation in great economic difficulties, with five relatively weak sister-nations overseas, Britain would become one of a league of six powerful industrial nations.

And what if war should come? An atomic war might knock out Britain, leaving the rest of the Commonwealth defenceless.

But if the British people and industries were spread throughout the Commonwealth they could never all be knocked out at once. Their armed forces would be as numerous as ever and already deployed over the globe. Behind each section of them would be an efficient war industry, relatively safe from bombing.

If we British dispersed over the millions of square miles available to us—instead of crowding into one most vulnerable island—we might be so strong that no other nation would dare attack. So war might be avoided altogether.

Whole Communities Could Migrate

But how could we move millions of people and their industries from Britain to the Dominions over a period of a few years? It could be done by moving, not individuals, nor single families, but whole communities, each of them centred round an industry.

We are already attempting something of the same kind in Britain itself. In order to alleviate the overcrowded cities we are proposing to build new towns —such as at Stevenage. To these we propose to move factories, the workers in those factories, their families and the workers who serve them—the shopkeepers, bank clerks, doctors, clergymen, the landlord of the local, the cinema manager.

Instead of building those new towns in the Home Counties to relieve overcrowded London, let's build them in the Dominions to relieve overcrowded Britain.

Imagine a Yorkshire town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, centred round a few factories for spinning Australian wool into yarn. It is more sense, economically, to do that job in Australia. In a very few years the Australians intend to have it done in their own country, whether we like it or not.

How much wiser, then, to move the Yorkshire town, complete, to Australia.

The two Governments would agree to set up a migration board (similar to a new town corporation). It could be financed either by the Governments or by public subscription. It would purchase a virgin site in Australia, ship out a pioneer corps of builders and engineers, erect the factories (much as the British Government is erecting factories in the development areas), build the houses, and then by degrees ship out the workers and their families.

The operation of moving a town of twenty thousand people from Yorkshire to Australia, including transport and building, would cost about £15,000,000. That is no great price to pay for an industrial town that could grow into a great city. It is not so much more than the cost of a battleship.

There is no doubt that it could be done. Russia moved her war industries to the other side of the Urals actually during the war. Britain moved huge armies round the Cape to the African and Far Eastern battlefields, together with all their heavy equipment, and with a quite considerable engineering industry.

In the next ten years in Britain we shall have to think about rebuilding every third house now standing in this country. One-third of our housing is so old that by then it will be technically unfit for habitation. So, since the houses have to be built somewhere, why not build them in the Dominions?

Physically, mass migration is quite possible. More than that, there are already signs that it will be put forward, in the next year or two, as the practical remedy for our difficulties. But, of course, there is one other factor to be considered, and by far the most important. The people themselves—you and your family.

There could never be the smallest degree of compulsion. Nobody could ever order you to pack up your home and remove it to the far side of the world. Migration would have to be the voluntary choice of the people themselves.

It is a safe bet that, since the war ended, you yourself, the reader of this article, have thought about migrating to one of the Dominions. If you have held back it is probably because of the instinctive dislike of tearing up your roots and setting off for a strange land.

You could not be sure, perhaps, of a job, or, particularly, of a house at the other end. You did not know whether you would be welcomed by the people there. You feared homesicknesses—a longing for your old town, old habits, even for your own football team. Your wife would miss her friends and neighbours, her familiar shops.

Some of the difficulties would disappear with mass migration. If a community moved, there would be no fear for house or job. The house would be built. You would be working at the same job as before, with the same workmates. The same teachers would teach your children, the same family doctor tend them in illness. There would be the same parson at the church, the same landlord at the pub. Your wife would be served, at the shops, by the people with whom she was accustomed to deal.

Friends Would Stay Together

The move of a whole community would snap few of the links that bind our daily lives. The friendships among older people, the romances of the young, would all travel together. Arrangements would be made—some of them are already in force for current migrants—for transferring social security benefits to the new land.

In addition, there would be some very considerable advantages. You would be moving, with all your friends and mates around you, to a country where food was plentiful, a land of sunshine and little rationing and smaller taxes. With rents in the new town controlled you would find the cost of living no higher in any of the Dominions than in Britain, and in some respects lower.

You would be moving to a land of opportunity for your children, a country just turning into a great industrial nation. And you and your children would be a vital part of this vigorous new growth, this forming of a country of the future.

It was by mass migration, the move of whole communities, that the British people founded their Empire in the first place, hundreds of years ago. It may well be that, by mass migration, we can in this century regain our power and prosperity and consolidate our safety in this troubled world.

Jut one final word. This is a long-term project. But that is no reason for not starting on it at once. We may have very little time. And the long-term project of today is the short-term project of tomorrow.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Still Just a Child

SO many adults remain children emotionally. One cannot claim to be emotionally mature unless and until one meets everyday crises with courage and dignity.

True, there are few adults who imitate children and scream and yell in impotent rage against the world in general when a crisis occurs. But there are plenty who indulge in the grown-up equivalent! They sulk, get moody, take it out on others. They blame everyone and everything for their discomfiture except themselves.

And what a lot of supposedly grown-up people there are who still expect all sorts of pleasant things to happen to them without a handstir of effort on their part!

Growing up demands constant adjustment between ourselves and the world. It's a continuous process.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

LIKE THE AUNT SALLY at the sideshow, the film censor is there to be shied at. When things go normally nobody pays the slightest attention to him. The moment something out of the way happens he stands in receipt of the brickbats. And he gets them, thick and plenty.

For most of the year none of us bothers about film censorship. How many people could draw from memory one of those censor's certificates which everyone sees at the start of every film? Few of us would like to be certain exactly how they look; somehow, they seem to pass casually in front of us, rather like the credit titles—so much wordage before the actual film gets going.

But immediately things go wrong—as they did after the showing of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* —the censor is up on the peg like the coconut, waiting for the headache.

And headache he certainly gets.

Let us admit right away, however, that he asks for it. He is about as vulnerable as a man holding a live bomb. He was created, nearly forty years ago, as an expedient. He exists as a compromise. He is always in for trouble.

One thing we can agree on. There are few countries in the world, perhaps, who would tolerate him as he stands—among them the United States, where they have tended to copy him. He is a makeshift, but in the main he is a very successful one. He is a compromise between the social danger of having no film censorship at all, and the more subtle danger of having a full State-controlled censorship. For, while State control may be admirable when it comes to the ownership of railways and electrical undertakings, it is obvious that nobody wants the State to control censorship, for that would raise the possibility of greater evils than the things to be censored.

So, in a typically British way, the film censor grew out of this compromise. The Victorians would have called him Gilbertian. He certainly is. Yet he is utterly democratic, and he works, in the main,

British film that caused a rumpus. Jack La Rue, Linden Travers and Walter Crisham in *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. Did censor blunder?

FILM CENSORSHIP from the INSIDE

How very British! Even if the censor objects, local authorities can say, "Go ahead and show it!"

by Connery Chappell

remarkably well. He is like the law, dispassionate and intensely fair.

In totalitarian countries they would say he was constitutionally stupid, and damn him for a piece of British foolishness. But the more you look into him the more you see that there is some sound common sense in his make-up.

Let us start back at the beginning. That is the only way of seeing how this strange film censor of ours works.

He began before the first World War. The film business was finding its legs and growing rapidly. Films were crude, full of action and occasionally harmful in a clumsy sort of way. They laid on their effects with a trowel. Heroines were purer than snow; villains were treble-dyed in the darkest woad. Heroes were smug and beefy, despite the white face powder which the primitive camera insisted on. Pictures were mostly snippets, and virtue was its own reward.

But the film, from the start, attracted an enormous amount of attention, not only from the public but from the legislators. Ponderous local conditions grew up, governing the showing of these highly inflammable and dangerous entertainments, and before very long the same local authorities who were insisting on safety conditions in cinemas were insisting on a high moral tone in the films themselves. Amateur film censors sprang up all over the country and a lot of complications resulted.

This produced a tiresome situation for the film trade, which found itself arguing in Manchester over a masterpiece which had already been shown throughout London.

The result was a brilliant compromise. It was essentially British, and in its way it was a master stroke. The film trade decided to appoint its own censorship. It established a board of censors, headed by a gentleman named Redford, and it paid the board to censor its own films. Fairly speedily it succeeded in convincing local authorities that they could safely leave the delicate question of moral values to this central board.

Redford died and was followed by the brilliant T. P. O'Connor, the father of the House of Commons in his day. O'Connor died and was followed by Edward Shortt. Shortt died and was followed by Lord Tyrrell of Avon. Lord Tyrrell died and was followed by Sir Percy Harris, the present censor.

Society That Picks Them

Who picked Redford? Who picked O'Connor? How did Shortt come to follow him? And where did Lord Tyrrell come in? The answer lies in a society which is never heard of by the outside public—the Association of Kinematograph Manufacturers, one of the smallest of the many professional bodies in the film business. It was this concern, nearly forty years ago, which conceived the idea of appointing its own censor—and the succession has been its selection ever since.

Serious historians of the cinema scene will find the first important reference to the film censor in the evidence of the late T. P. O'Connor, given to a Royal Commission back in 1916.

He explained how the censor worked, how the trade sent its fees along with its cans of film, and how all producers and distributors, one by one, were coming to accept the rulings of the trade's own board of censors.

He explained, too, how there was a chief censor —himself—and four men who sat viewing pictures. In those days, of course, films were silent, and the viewers sat in a theatre with two screens, side by side. Two separate films were thus shown in one small projection room at the same time.

Two men watched one film, the other two watched the other. If there was a doubtful sequence in one film, the two who were viewing it would call on their colleagues for a third and fourth opinion.

Gilbertian? Certainly. But, gradually, respect grew up for it.

Back in 1916, too, old O'Connor gave his list of the censor's do's and don'ts. They are still more or less the ones that apply today. There must be no indecent undressing; a man and a woman, even when playing as married couples in the story, must not be shown in bed together; no scene implying cruelty to animals may be permitted; the figure of Christ must never be represented. And so on.

To this day you will never see a couple in the same bed on the screen—not even in the most innocent of bedroom farces. To this day you will never see animal sequences if they involve cruelty. Partial undressing is hardly ever seen in a modern film. The figure of Christ is still absolutely forbidden.

Most of these decisions are common to censors throughout most of the world. Our British censor, perhaps, is unusual in his opposition to animal sequences involving cruelty. Only the other day an American producer complained to me that in a new film he had a fight between two wild animals. It was the highlight of his picture, and it will never be seen in Britain.

The refusal to allow the figure of Christ reached its peak in the case of the silent film, *The King of Kings*, made by Cecil B. de Mille. Remember it? H. B. Warner, famous silent film actor, played Christ, and the picture was totally banned in Britain, although it was generally considered a pious and even inspiring piece of work.

Don't Have to Conform

But the picture still obtained a wide circulation here, for the owners took advantage of the paradox. The censor is only a voluntary one, and while most local licensing authorities throughout the country abide by his decisions, they need not, if they don't want to.

Thus it comes about that a film like *The King of Kings*, having been banned by the main board, can be passed by the local authorities. It was a notable case in point.

And that was what Attlee had in mind in Parliament the other week when he refused to listen to the idea that a Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the whole question of censorship—spotlighted owing to the clamour about *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. The final word, said Attlee, rested with the local authorities who licensed the cinemas, and to whom the exhibitors are responsible. They could override the censor any time they wished.

In practice they seldom interfere, although they can if they so desire. Some authorities, it is true, insist on a preview of films intended for Sunday night shows in their local cinemas. But in the main they usually let the censor alone and abide by the judgment of the anonymous judges sitting in Oxford Street, where the censor has his offices.

Who those judges are, and how many there are, nobody knows—officially. Their salaries are unpublished. Nobody knows what qualifications a man needs before he is accepted as a fit man to censor films.

The Board is proud of the fact that its viewers are anonymous. Now and again, in an obituary notice published in an annual report, a name leaks out. But generally everything about the censor's office is wrapped in modesty.

Fifty Years in the Business

Even the general secretary, an old film veteran named J. Brooke Wilkinson, is unusually retiring, particularly for a film man. He has been in the business for something like fifty years, and at one time his health broke down and it was feared that his sight was failing. But he made a great rear-guard fight against illness and has now recovered. He is often seen at film events, smoking a cigar and listening patiently to the troubles of the younger generation.

Wilkinson, if you could get him to talk, would tell you that year in and year out the censor's office had viewed five hundred films or more. The films that had run through its projectors would stretch right round the world and back again. And in all that time, he could say quite truthfully, the number of catches the censor had let slip through his fingers, as it were, would be very few indeed.

Occasionally this paradox of an office may make its mistakes, like the rest of us. It may have blundered over Miss Blandish. That is a matter of opinion. But in the main it is a first-class compromise, with first-class results.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

by B. L. JACOT

Amy had cooked for love. The A.T.S. mess had borne it for their love of Amy. Then Cecil made it one more case of love's labour lost

OF ALL PLACES it had to be one of those roadside cafés. But you couldn't mistake Amy. There she was behind the gleaming counter, her chin propped over that respectable forearm, day-dreaming as you might have expected. Our Amy. Ex-Corporal Amy McLurg.

"Well, Amy!" I exclaimed: "Fancy seeing you!" I took a quick look round the stacked, freshly-cut sandwiches, the dishes of home-made cakes, the vases of cut flowers and the frilly curtains. "So you got what you wanted after all?"

"And fancy seeing you!" Amy said. She was never original.

"I was on my way to Oxford," I explained. "I saw the lorries parked outside the bungalow on the concrete here, so I pulled in off the road for a cup of coffee."

She flicked the handle of the chromium-plated urn and filled a cup, tipping in the sugar with a spoon tied by a string to the bowl. Then she smiled as if she'd just thought of something and tipped in another. "You always had a sweet tooth," she recalled.

That Mona Lisa look! You could forgive Amy anything, for once you got entangled in that look you not only felt sorry for Amy, you felt sorry for yourself. I should know. I was her section officer in the A.T.S. for two years.

"Well—it was Cecil, of course?" I asked.

"It's eighteen months since we made a go of it," Amy admitted, and I noticed she could still look shy. "When he was demobbed we started this on our gratuities."

There was the bungalow, bright as a new pin at the side, with hollyhocks and rambler roses on trellis-work. "It's lovely!" I told her. She pushed forward a plate of cakes, crisp and brown from the oven.

"Try one," Amy said.

I nibbled. It was delicious. I gave Amy a look I knew she would understand. "Amy," I said, "you're a lucky girl."

THIS was the way it was. Amy McLurg came to me on draft in the early days when we were building a gunsite in Hyde Park. I thought I'd made a useful find. So would anyone, for Amy was a born soldier, about four hundred years too late to be Joan of Arc. She had a top dressing of thick blonde hair, innocent eyes, and fists like a blacksmith's.

"How's your weight-lifter?" they used to ask me. Or: "Saw your Boadicea this morning——"

Those first raids on London picked out your non-commissioned officers for you. I made Amy a corporal in her first week with shoes on. The other girls claimed she hadn't worn them before she got herself into the Army, but there was no truth in that. Amy got her stripes for extinguishing the fire in the cookhouse, then sauntering round the guns pouring buckets of sand on the assorted incendiaries still blazing among the ammo. Of the rest of the section you couldn't see so much as a nose above ground.

I thought I had a gem in Amy, but she came to me one day and claimed she wanted to be a cook. She wouldn't say why, and she admitted she had never done any cooking before. "It'll mean losing your stripes," I told her at length to put an end to it.

But that was only the start. "That's all right," Amy agreed, and she became our cook. It came as near as can be to starting a mutiny. It wasn't that she took an easy view of things. Those first days she worked like a horse—a horse that has something on its mind. She tried everything, and to this day I still think that the most horrible thing I have ever tasted was Amy's grapefruit that first dinner. She claimed she had been told that it was sugar, but that made no difference to the salt she heaped in the centre of each half fruit.

Then there was her coffee made out of something Amy had found in a tin. Even the senior commander, who was a research chemist in private life, didn't know what had been in that tin. Amy tried, but she managed to burn beef stews to treacly charcoal, make plum duffs you could use for motor tyres, and on that famous occasion serve up a boiled fowl without suspecting that most cooks remove the insides first.

There seemed to be some jinx working against her in the kitchen, but all you could get was floods of tears when you tried to argue her out of her vocation. "I'll pick it up, Ma'am," she'd say. "I'll learn."

Then it came out that there was a man in it. You would never have suspected that Amy wanted any part of romance. But when I had her up before me and told her plainly it was the health of the Army versus her ambition, love shone from her and she confessed about Cecil. I hadn't the heart to turn her out.

You would have expected something queer in Amy's choice. In Cecil we were not disappointed. He had a mincing walk and immaculate hair in rows of waves. His neatness and fastidious air gave you the impression that he would scream at a mouse.

"Cecil likes home girls," Amy said. "He's always wanted a home where everything's beautiful. I'm

Continued on page 10

Amy tipped in another spoonful of sugar. "You always had a sweet tooth," she recalled

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

JOHN BULL May 22 1948

What do listeners feel about programmes in which men-in-the-factory come to the microphone? Continuing his inquiry into the real impact of radio on our lives, Frank Tilsley reports on reactions to talks and features

Farmhand, Ronald Pike, thought *Progress Report* dull. Tilsley (right) found clear split of opinion

When Bill Smith says his piece

by Frank Tilsley

"WHAT I DON'T LIKE on the wireless is all this chitter-chatter," said the Brixton housewife. "All these talks—I mean they distract you, don't they? You want to be able to sit round the fire and talk to each other, if you feel like it. You want something light and cheerful on the wireless, not all talks. That's how I feel, anyway."

That's how a lot of people feel. I asked 160 listeners what programmes they disliked most. Sixty-two said talks, fifty-two said jazz and thirty-one said classical music. In putting the question I excluded from talks all the news bulletins, the feature programmes which are practically all talking, and discussions.

However—such is the inconsistency of the human mind, and the difficulty of reducing its likes and dislikes to figures—I was not surprised to find that fourteen of these sixty-two regularly listen to the Radio Doctor, and another eleven had listened to the American commentaries before these clashed with Wilfred Pickles.

So we must revise this and say that what people dislike most on the radio are talks about subjects in which they are not interested.

On the other hand, a substantial minority of people like talks best of all. "It's the only way you have of getting really reliable information about what's happening in the world. . . . I've got really interested in politics through *Week in Westminster*. . . . The science talks are wonderful—they really explain things to you. . . ." And so on.

In Lichfield I talked to a man who appeared to be a farm labourer—a chap about fifty, shabby old jacket, corduroy trousers tied under the knee. He wasn't very articulate and didn't seem to be particularly intelligent, but I managed to obtain the information that he lived alone, in digs, and that he listened to the radio every night. "All the talks." He resisted telling me what talks he liked best—I think he disliked the official appearance of my log sheets—so I drew him out about current affairs. For some reason we talked about Greece, and his knowledge of the Greek situation was staggering.

Opinionated Eighty-year-old

This is not an isolated instance. Within half an hour I was talking to a cantankerous old woman of about eighty who hadn't budged out of Lichfield for fifteen years—but she could tear my opinions of current affairs into shreds. She knew Parliament and politics inside out and her great delight in life was to expose the flimsy political knowledge of her menfolk.

"I can twist all their tails for 'em," she boasted. "Aye, and me son-in-law, too—and he's a lawyer, let me tell you. You see, these chaps at the B.B.C., they *know*. You can gamble on what *they* say."

When I asked her if she listened to the party political broadcasts, she snorted. She had a small opinion of the party leaders, compared with these chaps at the B.B.C.

I was surprised how many people listen regularly to *Week in Westminster* (one in eight) and *Today in Parliament* (one in fifteen). More still would listen to *Today in Parliament* if it wasn't so late at night. One listener in ten listens to *World Affairs*, one in eleven to *Questions of the Hour*—both high-grade factual programmes.

I estimate that thirty per cent of the population listens sufficiently often to serious talks to affect their attitude to current affairs, and they almost all have complete faith in the sense and reliability of what they hear.

This percentage would be higher were it not for the clash of domestic interests. "You can never listen to talks when other people are about."

Listener statistics don't, of course, tell the whole story. Unless listeners are really annoyed by a talk they will not trouble to switch off their radio simply for fifteen minutes. When an interviewer comes along they will naturally claim to have listened to, say, *Week in Westminster*, though many of them couldn't have cared less about the talk.

I have tried to allow for this by discussing listening habits with people in very great detail and, wherever possible, getting myself invited into the house to observe the family's listening habits for myself. Seven out of ten people who listen to *Commonwealth and Empire* said they listened to it deliberately, because they were really interested, but only five out of ten listened deliberately to *Week in Westminster*.

More people listen to the other method of broadcasting facts and information—feature programmes—than listen to talks, for feature programmes, being slightly dramatized, can intrigue the attention of people who don't really care about the subject. Features are easier listening than talks in a family group: ". . . I always remember *Focus on Coal*. I'd tried to listen to three different talks on the coal industry and the lads had switched off, but they kept *Focus* on even though they weren't interested themselves."

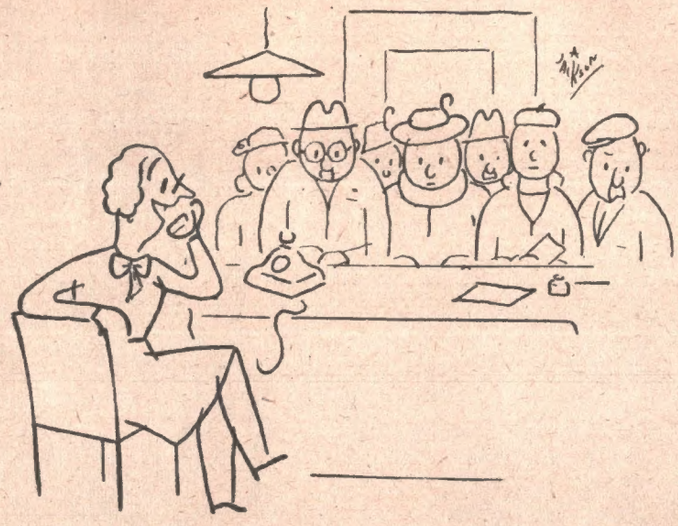
Feature programmes are deliberately aimed at providing a wide range of information to audiences bigger than those who listen to talks. The *Focus* programmes have a regular audience of about five millions, while the ambitious *Progress Report* (with two repeats) hit the clock at an average ten millions—about the figure of *Saturday Night Theatre*. But whereas eight out of ten listeners to *Saturday Night Theatre* could tell me next day something sensible about the play, only five out of ten listeners to *Progress Report* remembered anything "worth mentioning." Furthermore, quite a number of people who did find something worth mentioning did not like the programme.

Twenty out of twenty-seven spontaneous comments on *Progress Report* were wholly or partially unfavourable: "It is too bitty and confused . . . depressing . . . for God's sake, don't we get enough of this stuff in the papers . . . it doesn't really tell you much, does it . . .? I can't tell what most of the people are saying, half the time. . . ."

"Makes You Feel You Matter"

Why did people listen to *Progress Report*? Out of fifty who listened regularly, eleven were really enthusiastic. "Puts you right in the picture . . . faces the facts . . . shows you what other people are doing . . . gives you a feeling you matter." Seven liked it but listened mainly because the Home Service edition followed the nine o'clock news—"so we give it a chance," said an old lady. "We keep it on until the kettle boils. But we've heard it out this last two or three times, it's been so good."

Five liked it out of seven who listened mainly because the Light Programme edition followed *Have a Go!* The other two disliked it ". . . but it's not



"Yes, as a matter of fact, dear, I am rather busy, but don't let that disturb you"

worth getting up to switch it off. You know what happens if you switch off—you forget, and miss the beginning of the next programme."

Sixteen listeners, mostly women, listened mainly because some other member of the family, usually "father," wanted to listen: none of these sixteen liked it very much. Three listened from a sense of duty and six had indeterminate reasons.

I divided these people into social groups, with startling results, for, of the eleven people who enthused over *Progress Report*, seven were of the upper- and middle-class groups (out of fifteen in those groups); only four were of the working-class group (out of thirty-five in that group).

Why They Listened to *Focus*

I tried a similar analysis with listeners to *Focus*. Of fifty people who had listened to more than three of these programmes in the last six months, nineteen listened because they liked them, twelve because some other member of the family liked them, nineteen mainly because it was sandwiched between more seductive items and for other reasons.

Of the nineteen who liked the programmes, two were in the upper social group, eleven in the middle group and six in the working-class group.

Dividing into age groups produced an equally remarkable result. Combining the listeners who praised *Focus* with the listeners who praised *Progress Report*—a total of thirty—I found that three of them were under the age of thirty, fifteen between thirty and forty-nine, and twelve were fifty or over. This is the grouping on the log sheets. My own estimate was six under the age of thirty-five and twenty-four over!

This certainly seemed to confirm a frequent grouse of middle-aged and elderly listeners who like the serious programmes—"the young people want nothing from the wireless except amusement and distraction."

Without doubt the B.B.C. has captured a big audience for features, partly by the quality of the programmes, partly by giving the most important programmes "spot" listening times.

Although half the people who listen could tell me nothing about the programme next day, I found by prompting that many who said they were not interested had in fact been impressed by some of the facts. I found that approximately a third of the audience took an active and intelligent interest; another third, who heard only part of the programme or were not very interested, nevertheless remembered some of the salient facts; and another third could remember nothing, not even with prompting: ". . . *Progress Report*? Was it on last night, too? That thing's always on! But we don't turn it off—we get talking until Richard Murdoch or somebody comes along. . . ."

The actively interested listener mostly liked these features because they were "up to date, reliable and authentic." But this audience was largely middle class and middle aged, composed of people who feel themselves out of touch with the workshops and the people who work in them.

In Croydon, a business man said: "I'd made up my mind to vote Tory this time — always had done before 1945. But these programmes do show you what's happening in the factories—quite stirs you to hear some of these chaps who are really on the job; makes you feel part of something big. I voted Labour again at the by-election."

In fact, these programmes seem to have "sold" the workers' problems to the middle classes, and if anybody wants to know why the Government still has such a solid middle-class backing, perhaps they should start their investigation with *Focus* and *Progress Report*.

But these features have not had the same effect on the working people themselves—particularly on the young working people. The voices of the actual workers on the job—which give the note of authenticity to middle-class listeners—may be all too familiar to the workers themselves.

"Chaps Like Us" on the Air

Although the bulk of these audiences were working class, really enthusiastic praise was comparatively rare. "Quite good, but *dull* . . . tough listening, but we've got to take it . . . I'm all for chaps like us talking on these programmes, but not many say anything important, do they? . . . I like them, but there's too much of it."

Seven people told me that factual programmes are the best thing on the air, but only two of them were in the working-class group.

Four people who thought the programmes tainted by propaganda were all in this group.

When you turn to the features dealing with the less immediate and practical problems, this disproportionate grouping of age and social classes disappears. Series like *Picture Parade*, *Country Magazine* and *The Undefeated* had big audiences with a high proportion of listeners who could afterwards talk about what they heard.

The bedrock fact about radio audiences is that listening is a habit, slow to grow, slow to break. Any programme put into a peak listening spot will get a huge audience, no matter how bad it is.

It will have to go on being bad for a long time to destroy habits of listening already acquired, because most listeners seem to find it less trouble to "shut their ears" to uninteresting programmes than to shut off their sets, or even switch over to the alternative programme.

All talking programmes are apt to be becalmed in this listening inertia, but whereas talks are often ignored or turned down or switched off, the features gradually insinuate their way into the minds of uninterested listeners.

And the uninterested listeners are gradually becoming more and more interested.

NEXT ARTICLE: Radio Comics

Island Story

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME is still his castle, even though today there are fewer of the *No Hawkers, No Circulars, No Canvassers* plates outside houses.

Perhaps we are growing more subtle. Recently, while engaged on Listener Research for the B.B.C., I called at a house the porch of which bore the legend: "We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't."—*D. J. Pointon, 526 Turnhurst Road, Packmoor, Stoke-on-Trent.*

★

RETURNING HOME last week I saw a butcher's boy knocking at a neighbour's door. He had called with the week's rations. But apparently he could get no answer, for he pushed his parcel through the letter box. It went, easily!—*J. Slater, 23 Marshall Wallis Road, South Shields, Durham.*

★

WALKING THROUGH a colliery village near here, I overheard a conversation between an old retired collier and a young lad returning, apparently, from his first day's work in the pit.

"And how are you liking it?" asked the old 'un. "Not so bad," replied the lad, "but I'll be glad when I'm sixty-five."—*T. Baker, 10 Co-op Cottages, Brierley, near Barnsley, Yorks.*

★

MAKING HIS WILL, an old man I know told his lawyer he wished to be cremated. The lawyer said he would make arrangements and suggested that the ashes should be scattered on the estate.

"No," said the old man. "I want them packed up and sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer with this message: 'Now you've got the —— lot!'"—*A. Simpson, Dunmore Street, Balfron, Glasgow.*

Readers' personal experiences reflecting the times we live in win one guinea on publication. Mark entries "Island Story." Postcards only, please

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE: from page 8

going to learn to cook beautiful if it kills me." If it killed all of us was more like it.

Cecil was an infantryman stationed at Chelsea Barracks and in private life he had been a photographer's assistant. Everyone took an interest when he was to be seen hanging round the cookhouse waiting to escort Amy round the park. I'll say this for Cecil, he never looked at anyone else. Sometimes the girls on the guns used to whistle after Cecil, but he ignored it. . . .

He got sent out to North Africa and I expected him back inside a fortnight. I thought Cecil would find the guns too noisy—that and the nasty people. But, believe it or not, it turned out that Cecil with a bayonet on the end of his rifle was something again.

The first hard news we had of him was that he was promoted sergeant. For some reason it made Amy cry and we had biscuits and bully that night.

When the C.O. heard about Cecil in Libya he sent Amy on a cooking course. Amy failed to pass out by only ninety-seven marks out of a hundred, and on her return to the unit her cooking was worse than ever.

It was quite clear by then that Cecil was quite a soldier, with the desert as his preference. He was slightly wounded twice and got the M.M. Before Cecil had finished with Rommel he had a bar to his medal and was—so they said—practically tearing Italians to pieces with his bare hands.

Now, the strange thing is that Amy's cooking began to improve. It couldn't have got worse without bringing in a miracle, I know. But, to our surprise, she began to turn out stuff that was not only edible, but even tasty. Pretty soon Amy wasn't bad—especially with pastry. All the time Cecil was charging up Italy with his bayonet, Amy's cooking got better and better and in the end we had a cook to talk about in Amy.

WHEN the war ended and broke up our little family party, still on that gun-site in the park, Amy had made it just in time. One of the things the war had been fought for, and not in vain, was Amy's cooking.

I only hoped, when the time came for me to say goodbye to Corporal Amy McLurg, that Cecil the Slayer would appreciate what was coming to him out of a tender and loving heart. As far as anyone knew then the romance was still holding up.

I never heard what happened to Amy so you can imagine I was pleased to run into her again. "How does Cecil fit in with the tame ways of peace?" I asked.

"Mr. Bott," said Amy—I'd forgotten that was Cecil's improbable name—"is very happy. He loves it. We're doing very well." That dreamy look came into Amy's eye again as she gazed out at a huge lorry parked on her lot.

"Mr. Bott is a lucky man," I recorded sententiously. "You took a lot of trouble learning to make all this possible."

"Oh, that!" Amy said. "Mr. Bott does all the cooking. Nothing he likes better than messing round with a frilly apron tied round his waist."

"But—" I stammered. "What about you, Amy?"

"I'm taking up lorry driving," she said. "Cecil's buying one for me and I'm going to deliver milk to London."

"Milk?" If there was anything better to say, I couldn't think of it.

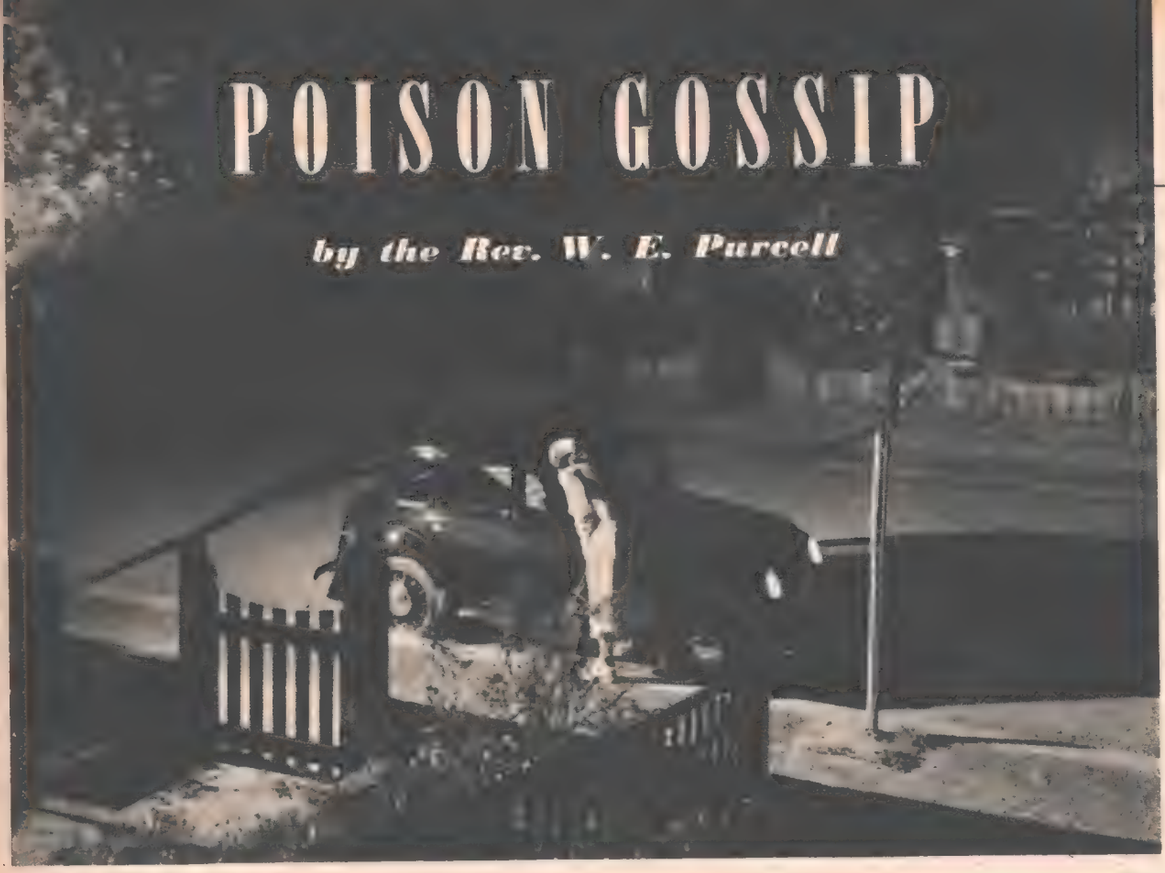
"Last week I had a bit of a do," Amy explained. "I hit a telegraph pole."

"So—you're resting now?"

"That's right," Amy said. "But the feller's getting a new lorry next week. He reckons I'll soon get into the swing of it."

POISON GOSSIP

by the Rev. W. E. Purcell



Just a lift home from a neighbour, but prying eyes are on her and soon malicious tongues will wag. There's only one real answer to poison gossip

A SMALL CAR STOPS outside a house on a modern housing estate. A girl gets out, says "Good night," goes in. The car drives farther up the same road and is put away. This little scene repeats itself on occasional evenings.

But there has been, all through, a listener with the ears of a busybody. Soon, a tongue begins to move:

"Did you hear her come in last night? Late, too, because I was putting the cat out. Mark you, it's no business of mine, but do you know who was with her? Yes: him. I believe in minding my own business, of course, but there are some things you can't help noticing. I don't know if it's true, mind, and you know how people talk, but I did hear her husband's. . . ." And so on.

The pitifully simple facts were that the girl's husband was abroad on constructional work for his firm; that she had taken a job as cashier in a small café; that occasionally, when they were late finishing up, she missed the last bus; and that a neighbour whose work also kept him late in the town sometimes gave her a lift home.

Ordinary People But So Cruel

The girl was gentle and shy, like thousands of others, asking little of life other than that she should be allowed to get quietly through it.

The rumours got back to her—as they always do—and had a terrible effect. A letter she wrote at the time said this:

"I never knew people, ordinary people, could be so cruel. I don't know what makes them say such things, unless it is that I'm new here and on my own. But what can I do? I have been praying for some way out. All this has got me down to such an extent that I can't sleep and I have had to go to the doctor. Of course, I gave up the job. Now I hardly like to leave the house. The feeling that so many people are talking about me is awful.

"When my husband comes home I know he'll ask what's wrong, or hear something. My God, what shall I do? I can't see any end to this trouble which began, believe me, out of absolutely nothing. . . ."

The secret, under-cover life of town and village, known only to those who live in them, teems with this sort of thing. And though there are few places where the old-time cesspools have not long ago been done away with in favour of modern sanitation, the plain truth is that far too many communities still suffer from unhealthy quagmires of gossip and rumour.

What about cleaning them out by democracy's chief weapon — public opinion? A great deal of good could follow from a much greater feeling than at present exists against the sneak-thief of other people's reputations.

The trouble is that we are likely to go on shrugging our shoulders about this nuisance until we can more vividly realize the harm it does.

Why do people take it so much to heart when the tainted tongue strikes at them? Why bother? Why take any notice?

The answer provides one of the heaviest charges against the whole unfair business. If the woman who came home in a neighbour's car had actually been "on the wrong road" with him, and if, moreover, she had been the type who makes a habit of it, then the tainted tongue would have been wasting its time. Not having a reputation, anyway, she would have had nothing to lose.

If, at another extreme, she had been an important public figure she would have been equally, though for exactly opposite reasons, beyond the reach of the tongue, having, in that case, a reputation too big to be harmed by it. The girl in the car suffered just because she was neither of these, but, like the majority, an ordinary citizen.

What causes the tainted tongues? There is no personal gain for the "talker." The thing amounts to a mystery of human behaviour. But there is one broad clue, a clue which is frequently wrapped up in the sense of pettiness felt by many men who, during the war years, knocked around a good deal. One of them said to me not long ago: "All this chatter and scandal-mongering gets me down. Everyone who comes in the shop seems to be busy with it. How is it we were never bothered with that sort of thing in the desert—in the old days? Too busy, I suppose."

His guess, of course, is entirely right. Gossip, for years so strong a runner in the Bad Neighbour Handicap, is by Busybody out of Boredom. People "talk" when they have nothing better to do. They "talk" when life is small, limited in horizons and opportunity. Scandal-mongering as a social disease is a symptom of something wrong not only with the people who practise it, but with the place they live in and the kind of life it makes them lead.

The fact has often been noted by people whose job takes them behind the scenes into private lives.

Towns That Breed It

Doctors in tomorrow's State medical scheme who practise in the "garden city" type of community are likely to find the air much clearer, in more senses than one, than in those dull towns and blank, featureless villages where far too many people still have to live deprived of the sort of amenities which make a full life possible.

The planners of Silkin's new towns are not talking hot air when they claim that the architect and the town planner can do a great deal to lessen this, among other social evils, by giving people better surroundings. The temptation to scandal can be greater in the street which ends in a blank wall and a view of the gas works than in a place where a happy community spirit is fostered by pleasant gardens, well-planned houses and libraries and theatres within the reach not only of the pocket, but of the tastes of all.

It can be. But it doesn't always follow. The bridge table in the suburban golf club can be a pretty deadly breeding ground of scandal as well. No: it's boredom that is the chief trouble. And since it will take long indeed to provide everyone with a life so full and rich that they will be too busy to snipe at other people's good names, it seems that the problem of scandal is here for a long time yet.

A highly practical way of dealing with it does exist. Not the tough ways of the past. If we were to revive those there would be stocks and the ducking stool waiting for the bad neighbour who started the talk about the girl who came home late in a neighbour's car. That neighbour would be ducked three times in the village pond, everyone else looking on—quite a sight in the middle of a housing estate today.

Better Way than Ducking

The better way is kinder, quieter—and infinitely more effective. It is to apply a little practical Christianity to this business of living together. Really applied by everyone this could put the tainted tongue right out of business. Places which at this moment are notorious for the fumes of evil whispers which float about them, poisoning innocent lives, could be cleared up in a month.

How? Years ago a box of tailor's samples sent from London to the little village of Eyam brought with it germs of the dreaded plague then killing thousands in the capital. When Eyam found it had this terrible infection its people came to a heroic decision, still remembered in an annual service of commemoration. All resolved not to pass it on. Until the danger was past they cut themselves off from the outer world absolutely. They suffered. Many died; but villages around were saved.

Not to pass it on.

The point is that what Eyam's people did about the plague others can do about tainted gossip. If it is not passed on the poison can get no farther. This, of course, needs personal discipline backed by a real desire to spare innocent neighbours unnecessary suffering.

Everybody nearly every day hears some kind of gossip. The great thing is to "screen" it as it comes in. Is it, in the first place, *true*? If the answer is either "no" or "don't know," then don't pass it on. Is it *helpful* to anybody that others should know this? If the answer is either "no" or "don't know," then don't pass it on. Finally, is it *kind*? Similarly here, if the answer is doubtful, then leave it alone.

Easy? Try it. It's not easy at all. But even if half the gossip that goes round most places in a week could be put through this sort of mental "denazification tribunal" the amount eventually let out would be pretty small.

So small that the tainted tongue would cease to be a problem and become what it ought to be—a curiosity.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Captain Liddell Hart on Conscription;

Long Complete Story by Louis Golding

THE REAL GORBALS STORY

by Claud Morris

The play *The Gorbals Story* is accused of painting too grim a picture of Glasgow slums. Claud Morris went to see for himself. His verdict: living conditions are blacker than those that shocked audiences

Dingy Abbotsford Lane is typical Gorbals playground. Such areas have 283 people to the acre, c

IRISH LAY ON THE BED. His eyes were like grey marbles. His clothes were pressed and clean—old clothes. He wore an Army discharge badge in his lapel. An ex-soldier, I thought. You and me and four million other fellows.

We were having a cup of tea together. It was certainly not good tea, but it was beautifully boiled water.

This is my story, said Irish. Yes, it is his story. It is the story of Irish versus the Chief Constable of Glasgow, of Irish versus the Medical Officer of Health, of Irish versus the City Council, of one man who might be any one man out of the forty thousand I could have met in that jungle on this particular Monday afternoon.

It is the story of a quarter of a million rats, nearly ten to every human being. It is the story of tenements with two outside lavatories serving forty people. It is the story of a room which has four people huddled in a single bed, by the side of which lies a coal bunker. It is the real Gorbals Story. And it is, in a sense, the story of other slums that remain in other cities in this Britain of 1948.

Irish was injured at Dunkirk, and now he sleeps on the floor of the tenement every night. There is no room for him just now in an already overcrowded bed. The bed's occupants are his wife, two children and his wife's sister. By the time this article is in print Irish's wife will be having another child, and if it's born at night four others may be without a place to sleep.

There is one small window in this room, plus a tiny skylight. The iron rod for raising the skylight is broken and a tin placed between skylight and sash lets in the only fresh air. When it rains the skylight often lets in the rain.

This part of the Gorbals, built in 1840, has a rent roll which I am told is probably far in excess of any other slums in Britain.

Irish's wife came in as we were talking. She was young and pretty. She told me how she found it difficult to keep the children free from vermin. She said: "I used to have baby sleeping in a box, but beetles kept climbing in and I have grown afraid to leave him alone. It is really difficult not to be accused of neglecting children."

The Medical Officer of Health's report for the City of Glasgow says: "*. . . In one case in the last report of the Medical Officer of Health the mother of two girls was found to be heavily infested and the children suffering from neglect. After a warning notice to attend the Reception House for cleansing had been ignored the circumstances were reported to the N.S.P.C.C. The parents were sentenced to three months' jail and the children were boarded out.*"

Do you know the name of your landlords, Irish? No. He pays a house agent eight shillings a week for his single room. The landlords may be any of a busful of people—people who, according to records I have studied, may live as far away as Adelaide or as near as Edinburgh. Maybe his landlords are the two old ladies in Macclesfield who own some Gorbals property and who were recently surprised to find that for twenty years they had been receiving rent for premises used as a brothel.

Dynamite, Not Rent Books

I wish I could take a busful of these landlords on the tour that I have made. A tour down streets that bear the names of honourable men, but otherwise have no honour. Cavendish Street, Warwick Street, Essex, Oxford, Cumberland, Sussex, Bedford and Salisbury Streets. Two hundred and eighty-three people living to an acre, compared with fourteen people per acre on the Glasgow housing estate of Knightswood. It is a tour to make their eyes stand out on stems. It is a tour on which I would like to bring pickaxes and dynamite, instead of rent books.

The entrance to Mrs. Maclachlan's home is a spiral stairway, like a miniature lighthouse placed against the crumbling wall of the building. Here there are open spaces instead of windows. In bad weather the steps can be treacherous. Mrs. Maclachlan has had four children. Twice she has fallen down these stairs. Once a child has been stillborn.

I looked at a report of a year ago. "*Out of every thousand babies born, 186 die before they reach the age of one year, ninety-three die at birth.*"

Mrs. Maclachlan's old grandfather sat there before the coal fire. "Do I get enough exercise?" He smiled. "Plenty of it, walking down twenty-five stairs to the W.C." As he talked his eyes moved away from me, considering his choice of available weapons. He reached for a broom and sent it flying at a rat which scuttled suddenly across the floor.

Rats. Plentiful doses of rat poison sprinkled in the cellars of the tenements and the cupboards of the houses. Gorbals people stuff up the ratholes with sticks, flat irons and chair legs to keep them out. But you cannot keep out this invading, breeding army. When Mrs. Maclachlan's husband was home last he put his hand in the pram to soothe the baby and was bitten by a rat.

The damp smell of the river comes up the road, creeping up the staircases, setting a seal of decay. The kids have no place to play other than a heap of cinders or a rubbled street. The houses with the forgotten look lean perilously against one another. They have known no paint for a score of years.

Standing on the river-bank I drew a long breath of Clydeside air. Someone moved softly, directly behind me. It was a little boy of six. Jimmy. "Gie me a penny, mister." Twopence was already clutched in his small fist. He had got it by returning an empty beer bottle to the pub. An extra penny would get him, he said, into a picture house, where the poster advertised *Song of the Thin Man*.

He had been playing on a heap of refuse. I remembered what the Medical Officer of Health's report said: "*. . . Of 87,500 children inspected in Glasgow, 19.5 per cent were found in a verminous condition.*"

Another boy ran up, scenting pennies, and I

mpared with fourteen to the acre on housing estate

John Bull colour photographs by William Kemp

learned that he slept in a bed with his father, mother, grown-up sister and a baby.

Jimmy took me to his home. A Catholic tenement at 54 Portugal Street, which, in 1935, was certified as unfit to live in. It had been acquired when the church was being built. Upstairs a merry-eyed girl, small and dark, with a dancer's body, was changing her frock. She glanced at me without concern and asked me to sit down.

Bunny, they call her. She likes boogie-woogie. She goes to dances uptown. She tightened her frock and smoothed her hips and laughed at me. She had a flair for wearing clothes. Bunny doesn't like washing in a communal sink shared by twenty other people. Bunny comes home early to change, and objects to going out on the landing to dress every morning. She tells few of her boy friends where she lives. "I want to leave home," said Bunny.

Coalbox by the Bed

In another room in the same flat the gas, costing as much as two shillings a day, burns constantly. Sometimes in the morning, as winter really settles into the bones of the tumbledown Gorbals, it can be unbearably cold, sometimes, towards midday, unbearably hot. A coalman stamped past and threw a bag of coal into the box by the bed. Bags of coal and sticks are burned constantly to counteract the damp.

The report of the Medical Officer of Health for Glasgow says: "*. . . The toll which pneumonia takes in young infants is greatest in the early years of life, especially the first year.*"

I walked down Oxford Street and on around the corner. Some windows have no curtains, some have boards, some have cardboard, some have holes where the wind whistles through. But people live inside here, people who love, bear children and work. People with pride and courage. People who, for no fault of their own, have been born here, and for a century have been allowed to live nowhere else.

I met William Coulter, Glasgow newspaperman, who told me of a five-apartment flat. Each room is occupied by a separate family. One room has nine occupants. The people who live in four of these rooms pay rent to a principal tenant, who occupies the fifth room. She in turn hands over the rent to an absentee tenant, who has moved, recently, to another slum. The absentee tenant pays the house agent, who comes around once a month. The house agent (he says: "So far as I am concerned only a single family lives in the place") pays over the money finally to a landlord.

The only tap in the entire tenement is in the principal tenant's room. The other families queue up to wait their turn to draw water.

One shop front caught my eye. It was a clean little place and it had a lived-in look. Many Gorbals people live in disused shops. An Irish girl with a smooth, full forehead opened the rough door, which had been patched with soap boxes. She had waited a year for this dingy place in which to live with her husband, child and grandmother. But the paintwork was clean and scrubbed. Linoleum was on the floor. "I moved here from far worse slums in Abbotsford Place," she told me. "It's a god-send to live even here."

Pawnbrokers' Signs Everywhere

Around the corner was a model lodging house, with the derelict has-beens of another industrial age hanging around the door. A tattered sign hung against the pawnbroker's in Ballater Street: "Don't marry for money, it's cheaper to come to us." The signs were everywhere. "We lend you £1 for 5d. a month." "We store and care for your goods as we would our own."

Nothing changes in the Gorbals. A city welfare worker I met said casually: "There's only one way in—by birth. The only way out is the mortuary or the graveyard." He told me that he once tried to satisfy a woman's complaints because her child, two years old, was being constantly molested by bugs. A few weeks ago he went to see that same family. They still live in the same room. The bugs still crawl about. The "child" is now twenty-seven.

Nothing changes in the Gorbals. I asked to see the man called McArthur, who once wrote a book, *No Mean City*, about the Glasgow slumland. "McArthur?" someone echoed. "He committed suicide over a year ago."

Few people escape. I climbed up a stairway in Sussex Street and talked to Mrs. O'Connor. Her husband lay across the bed. He works at night, so this bed is slept in for the best part of twenty-four hours a day. No sooner does his family get up than he gets between the sheets.

Squalor K.O.'d Benny Lynch

Across the room was a tattered picture of Benny Lynch, the boxer. Mrs. O'Connor told me that Benny was a Gorbals boy. He got out. He fought his way to the top, became flyweight champion of the world. Once, twenty thousand people dragged his taxi in triumph down Sauchiehall Street.

A few years later, during an appeal to help a down-and-out boxer who had been a close friend of Lynch, a small man, who looked ill and neglected himself, stepped from the back of the hall and held up a bundle to the auctioneer. "Get what you can for this," he said, and without waiting for a word of thanks he hurried back into the shadows and into the street. The auctioneer unwrapped the parcel. Inside was a magnificent silk dressing gown. Emblazoned across the back were the words "Benny Lynch, flyweight champion of the world."

On August 6, 1946, Benny Lynch collapsed in his boarding house. He was rushed to hospital, but died within three hours. The Gorbals had struck back at Benny, who had fought the fittest men on earth, with its weapon of disease.

I walked down into the street. The Citizens'

A boy eats hunk of bread as he plays with friend in derelict Bedford Row. Can Gorbals children escape from slums that have beaten the famous?

Theatre was showing three plays by Noel Coward. A few people were filing in to learn half-truths about the never-never land of Mayfair, tinkling pianos and an England that did not exist for them. The newspaper I bought on the corner of the street carried an editorial complaining that the play *The Gorbals Story*, shown in London, might give fashionable London a wrong idea about forgotten Glasgow.

No, no. *The Gorbals Story*, and the Gorbals ballet, and the books about the Gorbals, tell only half the story.

"Since the war nine million pounds' worth of material has been approved in Glasgow for building enterprises of one kind and another—cinemas, banks and industrial factories. Of this amount only £900,000 has been allotted for housing the working population. In the Gorbals itself few houses have been demolished, not more than twenty people rehoused."
—Newspaper report.

For many months the City Council of Glasgow is said to have argued about the type of houses that should be built. Temporary Portals now, or permanent houses later? Finally, George Buchanan, then Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, in charge of houses, intervened and insisted on the council taking temporary buildings in order to get on with the job.

Glasgow Council has recently been asked to make a start by building homes for 540 Gorbals families on a disused site in the Gorbals itself. On paper the plans are there, but not much has yet been done.

"Oh, don't misjudge us," said a city councillor. "Glasgow has nearly half a million people living in quite bad conditions. Go to districts like Bridgeton, Cowcaddens, Camlachie or Anderston. It's a terrific job. It takes a long time."

Do These Things at Once

Today, on my return from the Gorbals, I have little faith in long-term plans or promises. Practical measures could be taken immediately.

First. There should be law enforcement under which property owners must keep their houses in reasonable repair. I would like to see the police as busy chasing the property owners as in the past they have been chasing the tenants.

Second. There should be immediate action on a large scale to combat rats and other vermin. Broken-down drains should be renewed. If necessary, a programme should be started in Glasgow to requisition larger houses, if only for a few of these families. Give them hope.

Third. Erect, in the Gorbals itself, a building centre, where wood, glass, nails and paint are available to householders who want them. There are plenty of people in the Gorbals who would paint and repair and disinfect if given the paint and the tools.

A man in a Glasgow bookshop said to me: "Oh, but these people haven't any pride. There's no use fixing the place up for them."

I thought of Mrs. Maclachlan, Bunny, Mrs. O'Connor and a dozen others. How many people in Britain, reduced to one room, would open the door to a stranger and give him their best with warmth and dignity?

The other night I stood in the Gorbals smoking a cigarette with Irish. We talked about peace, plenty and good will. Irish put something into my mind which perhaps I can put into words for him.

"We want peace in the world, we say. What we mean is that we want peace without effort. The responsibilities of peace are far greater than the responsibilities of war."

It is time, I think, that we put affairs like the Gorbals story into Irish's perspective. There are good people here. Their single hope has nothing to do with international politics. It is just for a room and a kitchen where the stairs are dry and the windows face the sun.

THE TEST TEAM I'D SELECT

by John Arlott

Now B.B.C. cricket commentator and a producer of literary programmes, John Arlott, who comes from Hampshire, was often twelfth man for the county eleven before the war. He has written several books on the game: "Indian Summer," "Gone to the Cricket," "How to Watch Cricket," "From Hambledon to Lord's"

WE TALK MORE grimly of our cricket when the Australians are here. "What do you think of our chances?" becomes a weighty question, and this means that the number of acting, unrespected, unappreciated, unpaid and unofficial English Test Team selectors is at a maximum.

It is possible to fall into two errors here. First, an inclination to "select" players of one's own county; second, a tendency to value a player by figures without assessing the opposition.

No man is fit to be considered an England batsman until he has scored a hundred runs against a full-strength Yorkshire team. By the same token, a spin bowler who takes five wickets for fifty runs on a genuine "sticky dog" ought to be ashamed of himself: it ought to be five for twenty. But five wickets for a hundred runs against Nottingham at Trent Bridge is a fine performance.

Always judge a cricketer's figures in relation to the opposition and the state of the wicket.

The Australians bowl a length and hold their catches to a greater extent than any other team in the world. They are merciless in their treatment of the bad ball and they have the patience to wait for it. So no bowler today should be in the England team if he does not bowl a length so steady as to fray the patience of the most monumental Australian.

Many an English batsman plays his humble way to a thousand runs a season by dint of a few hundreds scored off the weaker counties on perfect wickets. Australia does not breed such cricketers.

These Australians play hard cricket all the time. In England a school or village or club cricketer may often become a Triton among minnows. Then, because he continues to play among minnows, he becomes careless, neglects cardinal rules and, when he eventually meets other big fish, fails. The Australian cricketer has to go hard all the time.

As Good Batsmen as Any

Where does England's strength lie? I should say, first of all, in the batting. I believe Hutton, Edrich and Compton to be as good as any batsmen in the world.

The key to Hutton was the utter and complete certainty with which he made a century in the Leeds Test of 1947—his first Test in Yorkshire. The weather was heavy as a cloak, Rowan and Mann were bowling like masters. Calmly, correctly, with the determination, if not the speed, of an express train, Hutton made his hundred.

Compton broke Hobbs's and Hayward's records last year without ever for a moment adopting the manner of a record-breaker; without any of that stolid, machine-like, quantitative triumph of soullessness which is attained by the elimination of risk and beauty in execution.

He went through the warm summer of 1947 playing cricket gaily, and it happened that in doing so he made so many runs that two records were broken. He appears simply to play like a boy striking at a rubber ball with a pailing from a fence—for fun.

But analysis shows that he always puts the ball with advantage, for he has a capacity for knowing just where the field is. Some badminton players are said to be able to take their eye off the "ball" for a split second as it comes to them—to see exactly where the opposition is stationed. This is Compton's gift; his strokes pass between the fielders with uncanny accuracy.

Edrich walks to the wicket with a stride that says plainly that he is about to make a century. While he plays himself in, his head is bowed over the ball with passionate intensity. Yet his feet are moving, meanwhile, with staccato speed, carrying him up to or back from the pitch of the ball. Then, when he has pigeonholed all the bowling, the assault begins.

In Hutton, Edrich and Compton, given "the rub of the green," lies our batting strength. Next comes Cyril Washbrook. His weakness, like his strength, lies around the off-stump: if he never flicks at the rising ball outside the off-stump in this series of Tests he will make runs.

We have the best bowler in the two sides—Doug Wright, of Kent. Wright bowls the leg-break and googly faster than anyone else in the game, and his plain straight "faster one" shocked Ken Viljoen, of South Africa, so much as to leave him uneasy against Wright for four Test Matches. Doug Wright, when he is dropping the ball where he wants it, is the perfect "happy cricketer." Then his bounding run up to the wicket is like the gay way of a sorbo bouncer and even Bradman will not play him happily.

Harold Butler does not look like a fast bowler, but do not be misled—his action at the point of delivery is almost perfect. He bowled out the South Africans at Leeds last year because he moves the ball both ways in the air late in its flight and he digs the ball *into* the ground.

Alec Bedser, too, bowls the ball down—the mark of a good pace bowler. The Surrey player came into six-day-a-week cricket for the first time in his life in 1946. He bowled through that season, through the winter in Australia and through 1947 in England. No wonder he was tired. Rested through this past winter, with those mighty shoulders swinging easily, richer for his experience in Australia, there is a clear place in the England side for Alec.

Our Bowlers Must Have Length

The Tests of 1948 will be played on wickets built to last a five-day match. Given fine weather they will be *perfect*. So our bowlers must labour to beat great batsmen with little assistance from the wicket. Their weapon must be the old and trusted one—length. The spin of Wright, the swing and cut of Bedser and Butler, added to length—and there is our offensive armoury.

To complete the main attack we must have a "natural" spin bowler, that is, either a left-arm leg-break bowler or a right-arm off-breaker. Dick Howorth, of Worcester—with his easy, lazy bowling style and his broad, spanking batting, with his hat on one side of his head and his mouth twisted in the other direction for a wisecrack to mid-on—is a strong probable. He bowled very well, batted reasonably and made a fine catch in the fifth Test last year.

But Laker, of Surrey, the right-arm off-spinner who did so well in the West Indies, is younger than Howorth. Current form will probably settle the issue, but don't forget Howorth's batting in a team which seems certain to have a "tail."

If playing skill and amateur status were the only qualifications the captaincy might well go to Bill Edrich. But experience is a necessity against Bradman. Norman Yardley is an industrious learner, a very courageous batsman, a brilliant field and a bowler who takes good wickets—and the England team follows him happily.

Godfrey Evans stands, figuratively, in the well-worn boots of Strudwick, Duckworth and Ames, and if he can bat again as he batted at Trent Bridge in 1947, the Australians will blink—or blench.

It'll Be a Grim Business

Australia is probably the stronger side. Certainly we cannot win by any appreciable margin, nor every time. We must be prepared to face the great surge of their batting and not allow it to swamp us, or, if it does, we must come up again and attack it strongly or we shall be overwhelmed. If we face the series with the same grimness as our opponents we can stand as their equals. If we begin to retreat we shall be swallowed up.

In the long run I believe *backbone* will settle a series which may well install Edrich, Compton, Wright, Morris, Miller and Johnson among the great Test cricketers.

There can only be eleven men in the side, and my eleven would be: Yardley, Hutton, Washbrook, Edrich, Compton, Watkins or Nutter or Robertson, Howorth, Evans, Bedser, Butler and Wright.

Given that side *and* the will to fight back I believe England would make a match of it.

Mrs. D. Wimborne and gas stove she now owns: a good tip for others

FREE SPEECH

Houses: "Nice Little Homes" Are Palaces Now

Women: The Things They Find to Talk About

SALE OF HOUSE PROPERTY should be controlled more rigorously. I am employed by an estate agent and prices are rising almost monthly.

A house which prewar would have been described as "a nice little semi-detached property" and offered at about £950 is today a palace with a price of something like £4,000.

Control should be based on the age, size and condition of the property.—MRS. LORNA E. BEARD, 28 Lyndhurst Gardens, Enfield, Middlesex.

Doctors "Ganging Up"?

A FRIEND OF MINE recently visited her doctor to make arrangements for her confinement at home. The doctor regretted that he had given up midwifery, but recommended a specialist, whose fee would be ten to fifteen guineas, and a nursing home, in which he had an interest, where the fee would be between fifteen and twenty guineas.

The doctor then added, "As we don't know how we will stand in this new Health Act you'll have difficulty in getting a doctor to attend at your home as many are going in for specialization."

To me this seems a simple case of sabotage by doctors ganging up on the Act.—MRS. D. MACKENZIE, Clarkston, Glasgow. (Full address enclosed.)

Paper Shortage? . . .

I RECEIVED WITH MY MILK recently a sheet of paper eleven inches by nine pointing out reasons why I should not change my milkman.

The postman delivered a folder on the new National Health Act. The Food Office sent a folder announcing a Bonny Baby contest, and the Ministry invites us, through the Press, to send for forms concerning the new Insurance Act.

Yet the housewife is again being badgered to save paper.—V. PAGET, 91 Waddington Avenue, Great Barr, Birmingham, 22a.

. . . No Wonder!

THE NEW National Health Service pamphlets were recently distributed, and we received ten copies in one delivery, although only three people live at this address. No wonder the paper shortage continues!—T. H. NEWLOVE, 16 Princes Avenue, Chester.

Allowances for Orphans

A FLAG DAY WAS HELD recently in this city for the benefit of a children's home. I do not object to giving to such a splendid cause, but I would like to know if the 5s. family allowances are paid for children in such institutions.

If it is justifiable to pay parents 5s. a week for every child after the first, surely a similar payment is even more essential for children without parents.

Such State help would remove the "charity child" stigma.—LARRY GIBBS, 195 Grovely Lane, West Heath, Birmingham, 31.

What Women Talk About

WORKING IN A DECORATING shop with eight other girls aged between sixteen and thirty-three, I took note one afternoon of the topics of conversation.

This is how they went:

Why have people such short memories of the Belsen camp horrors? Who has the cleverest baby? Why are men so stupid and selfish? Our August holidays. Should we get another job? Is there such a place as heaven? Who has to do the most cleaning at home? Should we go to a production drive meeting in the afternoon and so lose working time?

Men accuse women of always talking nonsense. Can they do better?—MISS G. NORTON, 45 Cromartie Street, Longton, Staffs.

Docile—But Dangerous

IN "Science and the Sunday Joint" (JOHN BULL, April 24), John May describes Guernsey bulls as dangerous customers related to Spanish fighting bulls.

In fact, the Guernsey has been bred for several hundreds of years on its native island, and originated as a blending of two North French breeds, the Isigny of Normandy and Froment de Leon of Brittany.

Far from being dangerous (although there are wild bulls in every breed), the Guernsey is renowned for its docility.—R. H. HOLMES, The English Guernsey Cattle Society, 3 Warwick House Street, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

*** John May writes: Guernsey bulls have a reputation for wildness, and it is commonly held among farmers that they are similar or related to Spanish fighting bulls. Professor James Scott Watson, head of the Ministry of Agriculture's Advisory Service, says in "Science and Practice of British Farming": "The bulls (Guernseys) . . . are treacherous and troublesome to handle."*—EDITOR.

British Hospital Sweepstake

NOW THAT THE STATE has assumed responsibility for most hospitals I think we should emulate the Irish and promote a series of "British Hospitals Sweepstakes." The proceeds would help to provide us with the best-equipped hospitals in the world.

Such a scheme would effectively redirect the huge total at present being poured into the Irish hospitals.—G. DAVIDSON, 21 Bulmershe Road, Reading, Berks.

Pick Your Joint

A METHOD INTRODUCED by my butcher might be the answer for Miss Joyce Watts, who asks butchers to label their meat, so helping inexperienced young shoppers (JOHN BULL, May 1).

On the wall at the back of the counter he has a picture of an animal with the joints clearly shown and marked. This is very helpful to young housewives.—MRS. A. HAWLEY, 7 Vincent Road, East Croydon, Surrey.

Sir Loin

SUGGESTED LABELLING of meat in butchers' shop windows takes me back several years to the day when I, a week-old bride of nineteen, tripped in to town to buy my very first joint.

The butcher asked me if I would like a piece of sirloin. In my ignorance, I imagined my very dear, brand-new husband tugging away at the loin of some ferocious bull. It was more than I could stand. I felt that only something off a tender female animal would do, and asked the butcher if he had any female loins!

I'll never forget the roar of laughter in the crowded shop! Twelve years later, I may occasionally be found queueing at the local horse-meat shop.—MRS. KAY, 544 Wigan Road, Deane, Bolton, Lancs.

Own Your Own

THERE MUST BE thousands of women like myself who have been renting gas cookers and paying five or six shillings a quarter, year after year.

After eight years, it's just dawned on me that I ought jolly well to *own* that cooker—after all those payments. I dropped a hint to the gas company. To my amazement they agreed. The gas stove is now mine, but I could have gone on paying blindly for another twenty years.—MRS. D. WIMBORNE, 26 Elmer Gardens, Edgware, Middlesex.

Legal Ignorance

READING THE SHORT story, "Shoplifter" by Basil Deakin (JOHN BULL, April 24), I was astonished at the abysmal ignorance of legal procedure.

The woman was tried apparently without being summoned, and without time for inquiry or preparation of either side's case, offer of bail or utilization of the services of the probation officer. The penalty of £20 was also most unlikely.—H. W. HODGE, Elterwater Hall, near Ambleside.

*** No summons was necessary; woman was charged on information of P.C. No time was needed for inquiry; case was self-evident. Defendant could have had time to prepare defence but she did not ask for it and pleaded guilty. Bail was not necessary as defendant was prepared to have case dealt with summarily; it is, in any case, never offered but must be requested by defendant. Penalty of £20 is quite permissible and not at all unlikely.* —EDITOR.

Plain Man Finds a Way

THE JOHN BULL STORY SPECIAL, "Incident on the Bridge at Enns" by Pat Frank (May 1), was splendid and should become compulsory reading for all United Nations personnel.

The story showed in a humorous way how even the smallest problems of the armies of occupation baffle tape-bound official minds. But, as in the story, the plain man, given the chance, can find a speedy solution.—MISS P. PEARSON, 28 Graham Mansions, Graham Road, Hackney, London, E.8.

Melody Makers

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR Roland Wild, in his interesting article, "Transatlantic Glamour is Overboard" (JOHN BULL, May 1), attributes the song, "These Foolish Things," to Noel Coward.

Actually Eric Maschwitz and Jack Strachey were responsible for this song.—ALAN E. GOODRIDGE, Wootton Heath, New Milton, Hants.

*** Roland Wild, who has himself crossed the Atlantic again since writing the article, apologizes for the slip. Just another of those foolish things.*—EDITOR.

S.S. Sterling Area

ROLAND WILD IS WRONG when he says that sterling travellers' cheques cannot be tendered on a British ship. They can: for a British ship is to all intents and purposes in the sterling area.

This means that the traveller need hardly touch his five one-pound notes: they can be put aside for the intended purpose—to meet immediate expenses on returning.—MRS. D. FRANKLIN, 130 Rush Green Road, Romford, Essex.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

WITH MY FEET UP

All Join In

For some reason or other, modern plays just won't keep themselves on the stage. They overflow into the audience and even the gallery is barely out of reach.

In one recent play, the whole theatre was supposed to be a European displaced persons' camp. In another the audience was called upon to act as a jury at a trial. And in *Hellzapoppin* almost anything may happen to the audience.

In America this is, I believe, called "audience participation." So far, it has been confined to stage and radio. Now here is an innovation—for the first time in any paper, I ask you, my readers, not merely to read but also to participate in this column.

Now read on. (There, you see, you've started participating already.)

The worst of a participation column is that it keeps you on the move. You can't sit down to have a nice quiet read. If you think you can, sign your name here .....

Why are you signing your name? I don't know. But I advise you to write at once to obtain a form to apply for a form.

If all the people who apply for these forms were laid end to end they would reach from the Isle of Wight to Wick—where the young lady came from. Which young lady? The one beginning "There was a young lady of Wick." Now participate by making up the rest of the limerick. Send it to me if you like, but don't expect me to participate by giving prizes.

Is there a doctor reading this? Yes? How do, Doc! Like me to send your love to Aneurin Bevan?

Or is there a patient reading this in the doctor's waiting room? Yes? Hallo, mug, write and tell me all about your operation. What's the matter with you? Distemper? You've got the wrong waiting room—you want the vet.

Here is something else you can join in. Twenty questions to guess what I'm thinking about. Animal, vegetable or mineral? *Animal.* Are there many of it? *Millions.* How many legs has it? *Two.* You're thinking of your great big beautiful public. *Quite right, Anona Winn.*

Now here's a chance for every single reader to participate. Just finish writing this for me.

by Ian Fox

SANDWICHES that SATISFY

by Kay Smallshaw

Sandwich lunches five days a week—but meals can still be appetizing and well balanced

UP IN LONDON recently, I ran into a woman I used to work with in one of my first jobs. We had a cup of tea together and started on the "Do you remember so-and-so?" game.

"Whom do you think I saw recently?" I said. "Young Jones, only he's quite an important advertising executive now with a wife and two children, and his own house in the country."

"What, the lunch box king?" was the reply. "I knew he'd get on, he certainly had a head for business."

The man in question, then a junior office boy, used to procure our lunch time sandwiches. One week he'd come in with a tastefully arranged box containing a couple of small sandwiches, a cake and a banana and say it was the finest sixpennyworth anywhere.

The following week a quite different pack would be presented to us. He said he thought we'd like to have a pie and an apple with biscuits instead of the sandwiches.

We knew that he received a commission in the form of a free lunch box whenever he got a fresh caterer introduced and "taken up." In consequence, our supplier frequently changed, but, as long as we got our bite before rushing out to go window-shopping he was welcome to what he could make.

"How I wish there were sixpenny lunch boxes now," said my friend with feeling. "My two eldest come to me for sandwiches several days a week. Neither of them has a canteen at work and they can't afford cooked lunches most days. In fact, they can't afford snack bar prices either. The stuff is dear and not too good. It's a headache to know what to give them."

The "Filler" Problem

Packed meals certainly do present a problem, with all the good "fillers" in short supply. For the main sandwich "course," a filling with some protein value—that is, cheese, fish, meat or eggs—is really necessary. Salads and sweets are fine as makeweights, but alone they haven't enough staying power. To make it harder, we tend to have vehement likes and dislikes which take no account of vitamins and calories.

Cheese is good as far as it goes, but that is a pitifully little way unless eked out skilfully. This weather, when the mousetrap variety soon gets oily, it goes further and tastes better if grated, preferably on a fine grater. Then made into a paste with a little margarine it can be used direct on to the bread.

Celery salt or chopped pickle or, best of all from the health point of view, grated carrot or chopped parsley help to flavour it. Some people like lettuce or watercress in the sandwich, but these remain crisper if wrapped in a piece of butter muslin and eaten as a side dish.

When the ration cheese has gone, there's only the "points" variety to fall back on. Camembert has no waste and doesn't really need butter or margarine, so it's not so extravagant as it sounds. Cut in thin slices, crust and all, it's very good when spread on crispbread or biscuit. It goes quite a long way, as do Rocquefort, Gorgonzola and other varieties of blue-veined cheese sometimes available. These have such a strong flavour that they can be padded out with beetroot or any green salad.

Most men like plain corned beef, but twopennyworth per person per week doesn't go far. Flaked up and mixed with diced cold vegetables and bound together with salad cream it makes a good filling for a soft roll. Again, it's not necessary to "butter" the bread if the sandwiches are packed in greaseproof to keep them moist, though of course it's nicer.

Talking of buttering, don't forget that beef dripping makes a splendid alternative to the usual "marge" if the flavours don't clash. It's good with almost any minced cold meat or corned beef, or even by itself with the addition of a little gherkin or beetroot.

The problem, of course, is to produce the dripping. My standby is brisket! Brisket, which can be fresh and braised or salted and boiled, is a very fat joint and also an inexpensive one. That means you get more for the money, a prime attraction these days. I get the butcher to bone and roll it for me, cutting off a good deal of the fat before doing so. This fat, with the bone, I then render down separately and usually get a good cup of dripping from it.

The brisket is delicious when cold, either in sandwiches or for the main meal. The secret of success, whether the joint is boiled or braised, is slow cooking. When boiling never have the water more than simmering. Carrots are the traditional accompaniment. I like them sliced with the meat. My husband thinks they ruin the sandwich, which is where the problem of personal taste comes in.

But however economical one is with the meat, there are bound to be days when it's fish or nothing. Canned fish comes in useful, especially when time is short. The various types of herring are points free and not too expensive. Sardines, too, are plentiful again. Most popular way is to bone and mash the fish into a spread. A layer of green salad, or sliced tomato when you have it, will take off any excessive richness.

Pastry Makes a Change

If you have time, and the cooking fat to spare, pastry makes a pleasant alternative to the bread sandwich. Meat and vegetable patties are always popular, while, if you can spare a little of your slender bacon ration, a bacon and sausage, or bacon and egg patty or tart makes a nice change.

As a rule, it's better to depart from the sandwich for the second course. A fruit turnover, a slice of cake or sweet biscuits are popular. Fresh fruit is, perhaps, best of all. But when the cake tin is empty and there's no fruit, a sweet sandwich makes a good finish.

Home-made sour milk cheese with jam is surprisingly better than it sounds and is very sustaining. So are chopped dates with peanut butter spread, while brown bread and honey has much in its favour. For those who like a savoury finish, the frozen ready-sliced cucumber makes a delicious treat.

For a picnic, now the season is on us, one should save small screw-top jars, the half-pound size, for one-person helpings of stewed fruit, with or without junket or custard. They pack quite well into a basket but must be carried upright.

No, there's no real need to regret having "only sandwiches and a few titbits for lunch"—if you use a little "kitchen sense."

UNCLE ANDY

High Up in the World

IN THESE KENTISH HOP FIELDS THE MEN ARE WORKING ON 15 FT. STILTS REPAIRING THE STRINGS ON WHICH THE HOPS GROW
COULDN'T WE HAVE SOME STILTS, UNCLE?
YES SALLY, I'LL MAKE YOU A PAIR EACH IF I CAN FIND SOME STRONG WOOD
6 SCREWS
I SHALL HAVE TO LEAN THE STILTS AGAINST THE WALL AT FIRST, TO GET ON THEM
IT'S QUITE EASY, SALLY
WE'LL SHIFT THE FOOT BLOCKS HIGHER UP THE STILTS WHEN YOU GET BETTER AT IT, JOHN

"That's where you cut," said the steward. The captain steadied his improvised knife

In health Macdougal got the last ounce out of the crew. In sickness he drove them to even greater heights of grim endurance and courage

Indisposition of Mr. Macdougal

by Frank Laskier

ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. WHITEAR

MACDOUGAL WAS FROM the Western Islands, a gaunt Scotsman with a hard granite face and the mouth of a hanging judge. The great width of his shoulders made his height more impressive; his strength was a byword.

No one had ever seen him exhausted, even by the hardest of weather, and few people had known him to smile. His rasping voice was a goad that drove men to the dropping point. He had no nickname, not "Mac" or even "Bo'sun." He was Macdougal.

Any ship upon which he signed as boatswain was a workhouse. Captains and mates alike left him alone in his duties, giving him a free hand and the run of his tongue. During long voyages under Macdougal, good sailormen swore that they would settle scores with him when the ship paid off.

His answer to these was to wait for them at the foot of the gangway. Others, not so rash, just swore that they would rather swallow the anchor than ship out under him again. Yet always they returned, for Macdougal gave as good as he asked, even though he asked perfection.

Now, with the *Manitoulin* headed east across the Atlantic into the teeth of a storm, Macdougal was not in his usual fettle. He was heard to refuse a third helping of mutton chops and potatoes for breakfast, and he complained that his pipe did not taste good. Fo'c'sle rumour had it that Macdougal was beginning to feel his quite considerable age.

The ship was carrying general cargo, and there was a deal of heavy work to be done. The forward deck was stacked with pit props, and these were in danger of breaking loose from their lashings under the pounding of the seas.

Macdougal stood his share of the heaving and hauling, most of the time up to his waist in water on the exposed deck. His face took on a poisoned yellowish tinge and he kept strangely quiet for two days. Then he collapsed.

As the watchkeepers of the four to eight went to turn him out one morning, they found him on the deck of his cabin, half dressed and feebly trying to pull on his sea boots. They hauled him out of his clothes, got him back into his bunk and called the steward who acted as ship's doctor.

The weather grew worse as the wind shifted. The horizon closed into a tight circle of low-lying, wind-torn clouds atop a flying scud of angry grey sea; spray swept the decks in a fine rain. Macdougal was angry at the attention being paid to him, for his mind never left the problems of the ship. He kept muttering orders, but was docile enough as they made him comfortable. The steward took his temperature, then slipped a hand under the blanket and touched him.

"You have a temperature of a hundred and three."

The sick man's eyes opened; they were bleak and curiously light in colour. "Take me midships where it's warm," he said. "I'll not be poorly in this rathole."

"The decks are awash," warned the carpenter. "We ships a green sea every minute. If we drop you, and you sick, it will be the worse for you."

"Then don't drop me," rasped Macdougal.

The four men in the cabin each grasped an edge of the straw mattress.

"Easy, lads," cautioned the steward.

The ship began a slow drunken roll; the carpenter slipped, then regained his footing.

"Easy — easy," said the steward anxiously.

They lowered the mattress on to the stretcher. He arranged another blanket over Macdougal, tucked in the ends and opened the door. The voice of the storm filled the forecastle. The men picked up the stretcher, and staggered out on to the heaving deck.

Away from the shelter of the forecastle, the wind became a demon that struggled to upset them; they lurched like drunkards in their haste to reach the upper deck, and safety.

The deck mounted high, higher; rubber-shod feet slipped as the ship dived with breath-taking speed. An explosion of water thundered over the bow, and the ship stopped as though she had run aground. A great curling wall of water crashed down on the foredeck.

"Hang on!" roared Macdougal. "Take a hold, you scone-headed soldiers!"

Each man grabbed for a stanchion with his free hand and held up the stretcher with the other. The water hit them like a solid wall and they bent under the strain, gasping with the effort of holding the stretcher from the clutching fingers of the sea. The water subsided, and they sloshed their way to the midship house and safety. The carpenter put his end of the stretcher down, turned his inflamed face to Macdougal and shook his fist.

"What was it you called me?" he howled. "If you weren't a sick man——"

Macdougal knocked the fist to one side. "I'm not sick," he rumbled. "I got a bellyache. And when it's better, you bog-trotting, potato-headed Irish peat digger, I'll knock your bloody head off for threatenin' me." He glared at the four men.

"Get me out of the weather!" he roared. "Ye clods! Will ye have me die of the pneumonie?"

THEY picked him up and carried him into the warmth and safety of the spare cabin midships. The steward stripped him of his soaking blankets and laid him on the bunk between clean sheets. Lines of pain showed on Macdougal's face.

The carpenter, who was Irish, and a softhearted man, leaned forward and put his hand to Macdougal's shoulder.

"Don't you be worryin', man," he said, "We'll be lookin' after you."

Macdougal opened his eyes.

"I could bear me sickness wi' patience," he remarked sardonically, "if only I could think there was a few sailormen aboard this ship." He managed to struggle up to one elbow and thrust his face close to the carpenter's. "Get back on deck, ye old windbag, and turn to! And take your two bad bargains with ye! And if ye lose one stick o' that deck cargo while I'm restin'—I'll cream and eat ye!"

The captain came into the cabin in time to avert a fight, but only by telling the carpenter to get out. The men left, and the captain remained in the cabin with Macdougal, who lay back on the pillow and closed his eyes.

They were old shipmates, these two, and the captain's first trip had been done as an apprentice under Macdougal. There was friendship between them, and a respect that went beyond words. The captain carried a medical book in his hands, and he came to the point at once.

"Macdougal, have you ever had your appendix taken out?"

Macdougal flinched, and there was no need for words.

"You should have told me about this before," said the captain softly, "when I had time to put my ship about and get you back to land. At the very least, you might have told me when we were in the shipping lanes."

"What else does the book say?"

"It says," said the captain steadily, "that these bellyaches you have will get much worse, and the lulls in betwixt them will get shorter. It says that a normal appendix will burst about twelve hours after the first steep rise in the patient's temperature—unless we get you to a doctor first."

"And what happens if you can't?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "That you know," he said.

Macdougal was staring up at the rivet-pocked deckhead.

"Leave me alone for a bit. Be off to

your bridge," he muttered. Up on the bridge, the captain gave his orders to the radio operator who went to his shack and sent out an S O S for medical aid. The ship's course was altered to put her back into the shipping lanes.

The first news the radio operator brought was bad.

The nearest ship that could transfer medical aid was more than six hundred miles away.

The captain asked the engineer for more speed, and then turned to the mate who stood drenched and beaten in the doorway.

"We're losing the deck cargo for'ard," the mate said.

"Let go what's going," ordered the captain. "Do your best to secure the rest. I want every spare hand on lookout. We might sight another ship."

The grey seas pounded down on the bow, and the forward deck was a waste of boiling foam from which the mast and the deck cargo stood out like wreckage about a half-tide rock.

Down in the cabin, watched over by the steward, Macdougal's illness took its prescribed course. He was given morphia, and he slept; but his sleep was not rest, it was the lowering of the flame in a lamp.

At dusk, when the narrowing circle of cloud encroached further upon the ship, the listener at Marine Medical Service for Seamen heard the *Manitoulin*. They asked for a detailed report, and information was pooled on shore.

No help could reach the ship. Even should a Coast Guard cutter arrive on time, the transfer of a doctor could not be attempted in the high-running seas. The message from shore came through to the radio operator of the *Manitoulin*, and, as he listened, he copied down the message and handed it to the captain.

"The appendix will have to be removed. This is a simple operation. Are you prepared to perform it?"

There was an instant of anguished indecision in the radio shack, then the captain nodded his head. The operator sent back an okay, and the message continued.

"Wait until the patient recovers from his latest attack and there is a lull in his pain. See that he is bedded down amidships so that he will be least affected by the roll of the ship. Wrap him well and keep him warm. You will find all the gear you need in the Board of Trade first-aid kit. We will send you a description of the operation which your radioman can copy down. We will stand by and you will report to us when all preparations have been made——".

The message ended suddenly. The radio operator sat, waiting.

"Give me your weather report again," continued the shore.

"Seas running high," the operator sent. "Wind now from the west, constant at half gale force. Signs of a break in the overcast."

"Good." The message from shore was cautious. "We will try by every means to get help to you. Carry on."

The captain turned to the steward.

"We have Macdougal in the spare cabin," said the steward. "We will get him up here and bed him down on the chartroom table. The shore reports can be read to you through the door."

"When can we start?"

"I think we can let him sleep, sir," said the steward. "Let him rest for an hour or so and then wake him up."

Both men went down to the steward's cabin, and they opened up the Board of Trade kit.

The captain's heart failed him at the sight.

"It's a simple thing," said the steward, watching him. "It's done by young doctors just out of their time. You do the cutting. I'll stand by with clamps for the veins, and we'll get someone else to give the ether."

"There's no knife here," said the captain, who was checking the kit.

"You'll get one," said the steward. "Now, you'd better get some sleep. You'll be called in time."

"Sleep!" exploded the captain. "You expect a man to sleep with this hanging over him?"

"You'll need a steady hand," the steward reminded him.

The carpenter nailed strips of canvas to the chartroom table, so that Macdougal could be held secure against the roll of the ship. He stepped back, swearing that this was Macdougal all over; that anyone who expected a Scotsman to die quietly in his bunk like a decent sailor should, was greatly mistaken.

And that he would lay bets that Macdougal would come out of it all and be run over by a tramcar in Glasgow, just to spite them all for their trouble.

At three o'clock in the morning, Macdougal awoke to find the cabin full of men, and the stretcher placed on the deck, waiting for him once again.

"How does she take the weather?" was his first question.

"Never mind," said the captain. "Macdougal—it's going to be me that will take out your appendix."

"What about the deck cargo?" nagged Macdougal, turning to the carpenter, "Is it secure? Have you the timbers well lashed?"

The captain's even temper broke under the strain. His face turned scarlet and he clenched his fists.

"You nattering old clod!" he thundered. "Will you pipe down? I'm master of this ship, and if I want to wreck her to save your worthless carcass for the Sailors' Home, I'll do it. I've lost both me starboard lifeboats and the for'ard deck cargo is adrift and knocking hell out of us."

"You see?" Macdougal looked slyly about him and there was a faint smile about his lips. "See how a bit o' temper cleans out a man's liver? He'll be a better hand wi' the knife for all this."

"Take him out," said the captain thickly. "Get him up to the chartroom."

Gently they lifted Macdougal from the bunk, but, at the very moment of lowering him to the stretcher, the ship lurched, and the sudden shift threw him to one side so that the shattering pain awoke in him again. They wiped the sweat from his face and the spittle from his lips.

He was covered with blankets, and beer bottles filled with hot water were packed about him to keep the warmth in his body. Four men picked Macdougal up and carried him out on deck, for that was the easier way to the chartroom, the ladders straight and without a corner to negotiate.

Macdougal felt the light spattering of spray upon his upturned face, saw before him, etched against the dark velvet of the sky, the patient shoulders of his shipmates as they carried him up the ladders.

The cook was in the chartroom, wiping his hands on his apron. He had something carefully wrapped in a clean napkin. "I hear you'll need this."

The captain unfolded the napkin. In it was a carving knife, long in the haft, the blade worn thin with usage and cut down to three inches in length, honed to razor sharpness.

"Wasn't this your Number One knife, Cook?" The captain weighed it gently in his hand. Neither man looked at the other.

"Had it fifteen year," said the cook stiffly. "Best Sheffield steel. I broke the blade short for you. It's as sharp as I can make it, and clean."

"Thank you," said the captain.

The cook looked from the knife to the prostrate figure now being lifted to the table. "It's nothing," he said.

They stripped Macdougal and put a warm jersey on him, they encased his legs in a pair of warm sea-boot socks, a gift from the carpenter. The radio operator came out of his shack, which adjoined the chartroom, and he carried two sheets of heavily typed paper.

"This is the description that the shore sent," he said. "The steward can read it to you as you operate, and someone else can tell me how you are doing. I'll relay that back to the shore, and they'll advise us as we go along."

"What else does the shore say?"

"They say," said the operator, "that this has been done before."

"I'll go and clean up," said the captain. He stepped to the wheelhouse and spoke to the second mate. "Take her down to Slow. Keep her steady."

The captain scrubbed himself clean in his cabin, put on a white shirt and went back to the chartroom. The carpenter had taken a sieve from the galley, covered it with absorbent cotton to fit over Macdougal's nose and mouth. He had a tin of ether, with a dropper attached.

It was warm and close in the confined space of the chartroom, and the sough of the sea outside was muted to a faraway murmur. The men looked up as the captain entered.

"We'll start," he said.

The captain stood with his clean hands awkwardly stretched out before him. He looked from one man to another and shook his head.

"My face," he said.

The steward took a cloth and wiped the perspiration from the captain's face. He handed him the knife, stripped the sheet from Macdougal and folded it neatly back.

Macdougal lay the full length of the table, and his body, under the glare of the bulbs, was clean-muscled, hard and beautiful. There was no mark on him of age or the weakness of age.

The steward, reading aloud from the paper, pointed with his scissors. "There you make the incision," he said, pointing to a thin red line. "I marked the spot beforehand with mercurochrome. When you make the cut, I'll hold it open with retractors." He turned to the door. "We have found the spot," he called to the radio operator. "The patient is breathing steady. His pulse is good. We are going to cut."

"Got it," answered the radioman, and they heard him send the message.

The carpenter raised Macdougal's eyelids and watched the pupils.

The captain stood with his knife poised.

There was a sudden sharp silence in the radio shack, then the operator was at the door.

"The shore can send a helicopter, but it can barely do the round trip carrying three. There'll be no time to hover. Can you rendezvous with the pilot, and can you give him landing space?"

As if he were watching a film unreel, the captain saw before him the deck of his ship, a smashed shambles of cargo inextricably tangled with wires, jammed logs, and swept end for end by the seas. To send a man to work among that was murder.

And the main shaft already running hot. How would that stand up to a beating from the last driving pound of steam from engines that would be racked loose from their beds, ungoverned, driven to the breaking point?

Drive a ship and she will break. And for what? For one crusty old man without family or home, with nothing of book learning or manners or grace about him—but a shipmate.

The captain looked down to see that he held a telephone receiver in his hand. Without conscious thought, he had

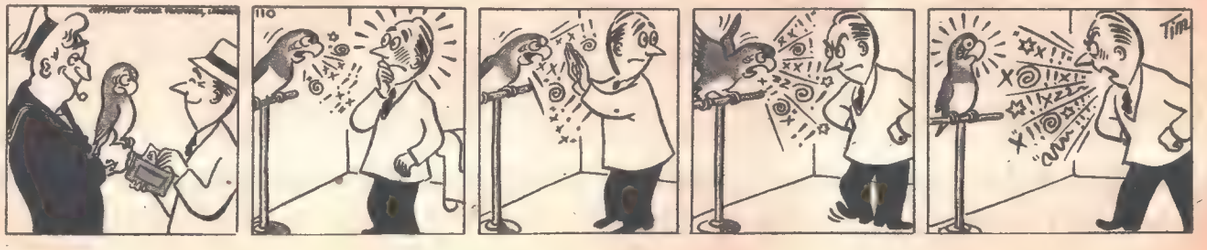
Continued on page 21

THIS WEEK'S COVER

BECAUSE his health suffered when he was an ambulance driver in the blitz, Gilbert Turrall had to leave London, but the view from his town studio lingered in his memory. Drab enough to the ordinary eye, this vista of gables and chimney pots—but the artist says "the subtle colouring" of the scene so fascinated him that he just had to paint it. Daily the old man shown in the cover used to tend his flowers with a watering can. In reality they were only a few feeble blooms struggling pathetically against grime and smoke. But in their owner's eyes they excelled the finest exhibits at any flower show. And that's the way Turrall painted them.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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LETTERS THAT LIVE

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"Have you got Roget's 'Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases'? It is the most wonderful machine for getting at words that you know but can't think of at the moment. Even when you have only a notion of the idea itself, this precious volume will help you to define it. I wonder now how I ever did without it. If I had to choose between Shakespeare and Roget I would let Billy go."

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THE new way to care for your skin is to copy the lovely film stars and use the Lux Toilet Soap massage technique.

It is so easy! This is what you do: Smooth the creamy Lux Toilet Soap lather over your face and neck. Massage gently. Rinse with warm water, then cold. Pat dry with a towel.

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DAINTINESS!
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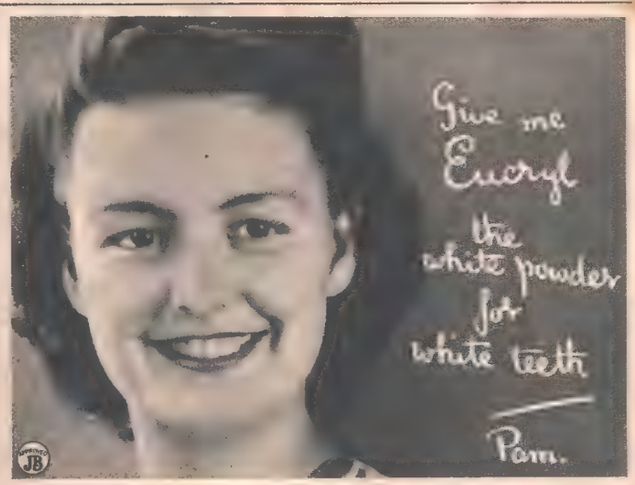

felt TO BE BETTER . .

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ALL NOSES NEED 'NOSTROLINE' FOR COLDS & CATARRH

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All Chemists 2/- inc. tax.

AMAZING NEW SKIN TREATMENT

Quick-healing discovery recommended by Skin Specialists

★ Valderma is white and non-greasy. Because it is non-staining and invisible on the skin, it can be applied anywhere, at any time. ★

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(138N)

Good mornings begin with Gillette

. . . cheaper, less tax, than pre-war!

Now 2/8 for ten
(incl. tax)

MR. MACDOUGAL: from page 18

walked to the wheelhouse and called the chief engineer.

He noted, with surprise, the steadiness of his own hands.

"Chief? We can get Macdougal ashore by helicopter. I want the limit of speed from you for three hours."

"You'll get it."

Back in the chartroom, the operator was waiting.

"Report our position every five minutes. Keep that transmitter going so that the pilot can use it as a beam. Tell the shore I'm making every knot the ship can stand to cut down the distance."

"Keep him warm and still," he told the steward. "Feed him morphia if he gets restless. The rest of you men, out on deck."

The captain was struggling into his coat. The carpenter allowed one last regretful drop of ether to fall on the cone.

"It's a steady westerly," said the mate to the captain, as they plotted the new course. "We'll have wind and sea astern of us, shipping them green on the after deck."

The decks beneath them throbbed with the strained labours of the engines, and the wind through the wires sang a high clear note. The hands were mustered in the shelter of the lee.

"We will land a helicopter on the foredeck," said the captain. "Lash the derricks to the foremast to give the pilot clearance. All loose props and timbers must be cleared and over the side to the level of the hatch cover. We have from now until dawn."

THE weariness of nights without sleep was upon the men; they gazed with dulled eyes at the great hill of labour that confronted them, at the heavy booms that swung against the mast in the dark of the sky.

"Rig cluster lamps," bellowed the carpenter. "Four of ye begin on the booms. The rest of ye follow me."

He ran along the catwalk over the cargo. The sky was clear and black, dotted with stars; the sea creamed along the ship's side, its hungry voice raised in anger.

It was work to break a man's heart before it killed him with fear. Swinging like spiders between sea and sky, the men drew the heavy derricks taut to the mainmast. They unshipped the long boom and dragged it forward with a steel wire about the winch drum.

Others, scrambling over the deck, flung the cargo over the side as gifts are cast to placate the angry gods. It took two men to handle each pit prop, to drag it from the pile and stagger to the rail, steadying themselves, struggling for footing.

Hands were torn with splinters, feet bruised by timbers, backs strained with the burden of hauling. There was no talk made, nor excuses.

It seemed to the captain as he stood upon the bridge that his ship was disintegrating before his eyes. Wind and sea astern of her added to her speed, and her long black plume of smoke blew down across the deck. He watched, open-mouthed, as a great green hill of sea mounted high on the bow in the instant of the ship's dipping, and the curling comber raced down the deck smashing everything in its path.

The captain led the rush of men down the ladder from the bridge, sloshing waist-deep in water, feeling the thrusting bounce of the floating logs. They picked up the injured men from the scuppers, half-drowned, unconscious, and carried them to the safety of the upper deck, and then took their places on the foredeck.

Dawn came as a cerise glow that

Continued on page 22

HIS KIT-BAG'S FULL OF CASH!

WORKING hard as a trainee with a famous shoe firm, twenty-six year old ex-officer E. D. Sleath was looking forward to marrying his Paisley fiancée in September. But money was a problem—and what was all this talk of another war? He'd finished with soldiering—at least, so he hoped.

Being a keen competitor in *Bullets*, it was easy for him to put his thoughts on a coupon. Hence his neat effort, WE HOPE—TROUBLES WON'T NEED KIT-BAG!

His reward was a telegram to 17 Lichfield Road, Stafford, the firm's hostel, congratulating him on winning that Contest's First Prize. "What a wonderful wedding present!" he exclaimed. "A present to my widowed mother, a celebration and the rest will go to furnishing our new home."

Now, 60,000 pennies for your thoughts! Enter a few simple words on the coupon from this page and you can pack up *your* troubles by winning this week's £250 First Prize!

50 Holiday Cheques

New Gifts also amongst Prizes value over

£250 1st PRIZE
£25, £15, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5.

£500

20 Weekend Prizes of 30s.
20 Coach Trip Prizes of 21s.
1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes.

FITTED PICNIC BASKETS

—one with each prize value £5 or over this week.

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

Any 30s. or 21s. prize you win will be accompanied by a Fountain-pen if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you; keep note of entries in case of need.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated June 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

★ *Look out for next week's Record £1,000 Swiss Holiday Offer!*

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

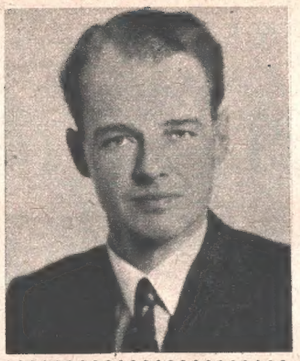
Door To Peace
Mankind's Story
When Duty Calls
The Church
Wine Of Success
Misery And Chaos
Every Holiday
If It Kills Us
Thorny Problem
Home From Home
Never Sleeps
Doing His Best
Like A Knife
Guilty Conscience
In The Kitchen
Gently
Let The Cat Out
Nobody Noticed, So
Highly Indignant
On Our Choir Outing

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

Mended The.....
Capital .....
Auntie.....And
The Usual.....
..... Type
Not One To.....

POST ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,631 (or Xword 583) "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee.



HIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS

Mr. Sleath (seen above) was one of hundreds of readers who have scored with the practical help of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. "Read it regularly," he advises would-be winners.

To receive your *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated June 12, remember to enclose with your entry this week the Address Label above *Bullets* coupon.

£100 AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY WON—XWORD 579

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Weeks. 3, Wood. 5, Viola. 8, Acred. 10, Wire. 13, Will. DOWN: 1, Wagers. 2, Snip. 4, Doze. 5, Vane. 6, Homely or Homily. 7, Main. 9, Duet. 11, Wow. 12, Bad or Bat.

WINNER OF £100 AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO: D. Bell, 14 Daisyhill, Randalstown, Co. Antrim.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 34 entrants.

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,627

FIRST PRIZE, £300: A. Hardy, 10 Barlock Road, Basford, Nottingham: BRITANNIA'S HOME THATCHED WITH TAXPAYER'S HAIR!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: E. Harman, 71 Bárlow Street, Acomb, York: IFS AND BUTS—YOUTH BEATS WINGS AGAINST.

THIRD PRIZE, £20: Mrs. M. Sudworth, 205 Downall Green Road, Bryn, nr. Wigan: AROUND HER — BRITANNIA'S CHILDREN, *Telling* "STORY."

OTHER AWARDS. £15: F. A. Waldren, 24 Bulstrode Avenue, Hounslow, Middlesex: 'AUNTIE'S PEKINESE—"BULLDOG'S" PROPAGANDA BARKS LIKE! £14: H. Hay, 18 High Street, Pittenweem, Fife: IT'S CALLED HOME, BUT—SINCE MOTHER "CALLED HOME"— £13: T. H. Newlove, 16 Prince's Avenue, Chester: IFS AND BUTS—ONCE OPPOSED *Chloroform*, DOCTORS! £12: Miss K. Paul, 27 Livingstone Road, Southsea: FELLOW TRAVELLERS — FACING JUDGE, JUDGING FACES! £11: Mrs. E. Blore, 14 Derwent Street, West Hartlepool: AUNTIE'S PEKINESE—BURGLAR REMOVED FINGER-PRINTS WITH! 2 of £10: F. Buckle, 10 Oak Street, Poppleton Road, York: FELLOW TRAVELLERS — PAIL — STOOL—NEW MILKMAID! J. W. Celing, 10 Alexandra Road, Bedford: GAVE DAD A BREAKDOWN—DOCTOR'S "ANY *Financial* WORRIES?"

20 Prizes of £2, 20 of £1 1s., and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted. 10 chief cheques accompanied by Suitcase as announced.

XWORD £100 and SEASIDE WEEKS

Prizes value up to

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up

£225

★ **SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO with each cheque for £25 or over**

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

XWORD 583

Across Clues

1. The more wheat there is, the less
3. Most people who are cheated are apt to become
5. Will probably be better under blue skies
8. This article is very commonly used
9. Little one likes to be given bright new one
12. One doesn't often get such cakes, these days
13. Successful these are based upon good team-work by players
14. Anyone using this isn't likely to overlook bill

Down Clues

2. Note them closely in some public parks; they wander all over the place
3. Describes woman a man likes to have charge of his children
4. The windows of some shops are
6. Cruel financial hoax can rouse this
7. You require strength rather than skill for this
10. Have to be dealt with carefully and discreetly
11. There's usually a temporary satisfaction in being this

To secure the *Bullets* and Crossword help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated June 12, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated June 12 containing **SWISS and SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFERS**

444
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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EXAMPLE
.....
BULLET

EX.
.....
B.

EX.
.....
B.

EX.
.....
B.

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer

Closing Postmark, **1,631** MON., MAY 31

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
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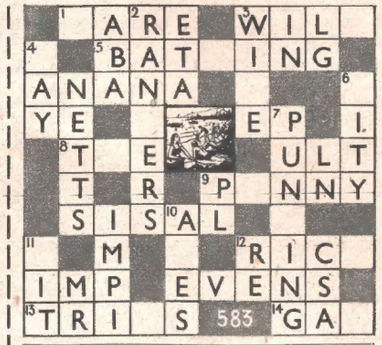
WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 12.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

583 Closing Postmark, MON., MAY 31

I enclose P.O. value....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
.....

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

MIND YOUR MANNERS

The old lady's eye had seemingly got them paralysed

ALTHOUGH I'M IN FAVOUR of abolishing corporal punishment (including capital punishment) if we can manage to run society without it, I still feel there are some forms of human behaviour that can only be answered by a punch in the jaw, or a kick in the backside—according to which end of the offender happens to be nearest.

I suppose some people would tell me that these violent impulses are very wrong; especially in a man of my pacific beliefs. And the queer thing is that I'm more inclined to feel violent about a breach of good manners than about a serious crime.

For instance, when I read that a man has murdered his wife, I can sometimes understand just how he felt, and find a lot of excuses for him. If I'd had a wife like that,, I tell myself, I, too, might have murdered her. So I'm all for giving him kindly treatment.

It Makes Me Wild

But when I hear about a man in the train who goes on smoking in a non-smoking compartment after another passenger has asked him to stop, I want to set about him with all the most painful physical punishments I can think of.

Odd of me, perhaps. Yet I like to think it's natural. For surely there can be no excuse for deliberate hooliganism.

A friend of mine was telling me about a chap who was travelling in a train after having an operation on his throat, and went into an empty non-smoking compartment to avoid any danger of irritating it. Before the train started, three other men got in. As soon as it was on the move, they began to smoke.

This chap then explained about his throat; and pointed out that they were in a non-smoking carriage. The three smokers went on smoking. One, noticing the shape of the non-smoker's nose, advised him to go to Palestine.

Well, the chap with the throat was a little hot-blooded, perhaps. Or maybe the smoke was getting more than he could bear. Or perhaps it was simply that he felt the reference to Palestine was beside the point. Anyway, he jumped up and said he wasn't going to accept that kind of behaviour.

Brought the Guard Along

In the heart-to-heart talk that followed, a window got broken. This brought the guard along. It finally cost the chap with the throat two pounds—the price of replacing the window. It cost the hooligans nothing. Unless the other chap got his two-poundsworth out of their carcases—which hardly seems likely, considering they were three to one.

Of course, there is another way of dealing with a hooligan—if you can catch him young enough, and you possess the right kind of eye. I got into a non-smoker in the Tube the other day, for a very short journey. Two youngsters followed me in, both smoking. They'd just reached the age when a chap knows he's a man, but finds other people still treating him as a child; and so feels he ought to be always asserting his manhood, if only to convince himself.

These two youths proceeded to assert their manhood by putting their feet on the seats, talking in very loud voices, and blowing smoke-rings.

It was during the slack time, and the carriage was empty except for them, myself and an old lady—so they weren't really doing anyone any harm. But the old lady seemed to feel they needed her help.

First, she called their attention to the "no smoking" notice. They nodded, and looked a bit foolish, but went on smoking. Then she asked them if they could read—not nastily, but simply as one might ask a small child whether he could yet manage this difficult accomplishment. The two youths mumbled an assent, and took their cigarettes out of their mouths. Then she told them to take their feet off the seats. They did so.

By this time, the train was entering my station. I got up to go. As I left the carriage, the two youths were sitting up very straight, their cigarettes cupped in their hands (they obviously couldn't think what else to do with them) and their eyes fixed on the old lady, who was beginning: "I suppose you both know you're very bad boys. . . ."

They could, of course, have escaped quite easily by following me out, but the old lady's eye had seemingly got them paralysed. I felt sorry for them—but they had asked for it.

Being a fairly heavy smoker, I seldom ride in a non-smoking compartment. And I'm surprised to hear from non-smoking friends that hooliganism of this kind is quite common.

Really Awfully Rude

Part of the trouble, I suppose, is that nowadays we nearly all tend to look on smoking very much like breathing—as if the constant inhalation of tobacco smoke were as important to our lungs as air. Which it very nearly is to me, I admit. I'd rather go without my dinner than my tobacco.

For all that, if I'm unlucky enough to get into a non-smoking compartment, I find I can hold out. To flout the other passengers by lighting up seems to me a form of rudeness which goes almost beyond imagining.

I've often thought, too, that heavy smokers like myself would enjoy our tobacco far more if we were sometimes compelled by good manners to go without. There isn't much pleasure in smoking when too many smokers are crowded together in a small train-compartment, or a not very well ventilated cinema. You often light up yourself, simply to avoid smelling other people's smoke.

When I was in New York, I was a bit put out to see "no smoking" signs in the entrances to cinemas. But once I saw how brilliantly clear the pictures were, compared with those at home, and found, too, that I could sit there for hours without getting a headache, I was completely converted to the idea.

That's a tobacco-saving suggestion for Stafford Cripps. Far better than increasing the tax. And not to be enforced by more regulation—but simply by making it good manners to refrain from smoking in cinemas and similar places. I feel sure even the heaviest smokers would prefer it—once they'd discovered the difference it makes.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Can He Claim?

HAVING GIVEN UP his job to study, a young man asks about unemployment benefit. He writes:

"Owing to ill health I recently gave up my job as a telephonist. In order to equip myself for other work I enrolled for a three-month course at a commercial college. My parents are supporting me for the time being. Am I entitled to claim unemployment benefit?"

If you are willing to interrupt your studies in order to take work which is offered to you, then you can make a claim for unemployment benefit—provided you have at least thirty unemployment contributions to your credit for the two preceding years.

If you are unable to accept employment, then benefit will not be allowed.

Our team of experts will solve queries (except medical) sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply

Continued from previous page

lighted up the haggard faces of the men, and the deck was still too uneven for a landing place.

The radio operator reported that he was now in contact with the pilot of the helicopter.

News came from the steward that Macdougal was failing; his pulse had slowed and his temperature was mounting. He was barely conscious.

Hearing this, the men were filled with fury, and they slaved the more, so that the wake of the *Manitoulin* was dotted with yellow drifting planks. Under the captain's orders, they took timbers and lashed them together to make a scaffold over the debris. A scaffold that was unsafe, but the only alternative to turning the pilot back empty-handed.

The carpenter fell from exhaustion. He was picked up with his chest flayed raw on the rough planks. Ordered from the foredeck, he refused to go. The steward swabbed the wound with iodine, and gave him a shot of rum. The carpenter returned to work.

At that precise moment, the helicopter was sighted, dropping from the sky and skittering across the wavetops like an oversized dragonfly. A blinker light flashed from the cockpit, to be answered from the deck of the *Manitoulin*.

Four men prepared Macdougal for the last lap of his journey, wrapping him warm and well, lashing him to the stretcher. They carried him once more down the ladders to the deck, in the clear light of day.

THE helicopter had landed on the scaffold, its struts snubbed down by the sailors. Macdougal was conscious as they lugged the stretcher the length of the deck, and the men, in their worn, soaked clothes, stood silent in the apathy of relief.

But the captain, who was young and impressionable, thought, as the silent courtège passed him, of some great warrior of the sea being carried aloft upon his shield and on the shoulders of his beloved men.

The stretcher was lifted to the scaffold, the steward whispered a few words to the medico, and all hands heard the answer.

"He's all right. We got to him in time."

Macdonald opened his eyes, and saw before him, towering against the sky, the bloodstained and weary carpenter, who once more put out his hand in passing and touched his shipmate.

"You're the bo'sun now," said Macdougal weakly, "and you have a fine crew." He drew a long breath. "Don't ask my men to do anything you can't do yourself—and better."

No one saw the pilot as the door slammed shut, but they watched the great rotor blades whirl faster as the men took the strain from the ropes. The ship turned to bring the wind upon the quarter and it lifted the helicopter so that it spun from the deck like a great drifting leaf, to dip and swirl over the wave crests and gain height, setting its course westward.

The carpenter looked about him at the men he would now control, and he was seized with a nameless grief for his lost friend and for his lost liberty. He tore the woollen cap from his head and dashed it to the deck, shaking his fist at the fast-vanishing helicopter.

"Macdougal, you old devil," he howled, "I never wanted your job! You get better and come back! I'll be waitin' for you!"

His voice was loud. It rang harshly across the deck, and was lost in an infinity of silence that held only the sea, the sky and the drifting, exhausted ship.

all change!

It's brand-new, with sweeping changes from tip to clip; change to half-shielded nib; to a range of four pleasing colours and black; to slick, "push-on" nickel-silver cap and streamlined body. Then, the price is a change, these days—

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